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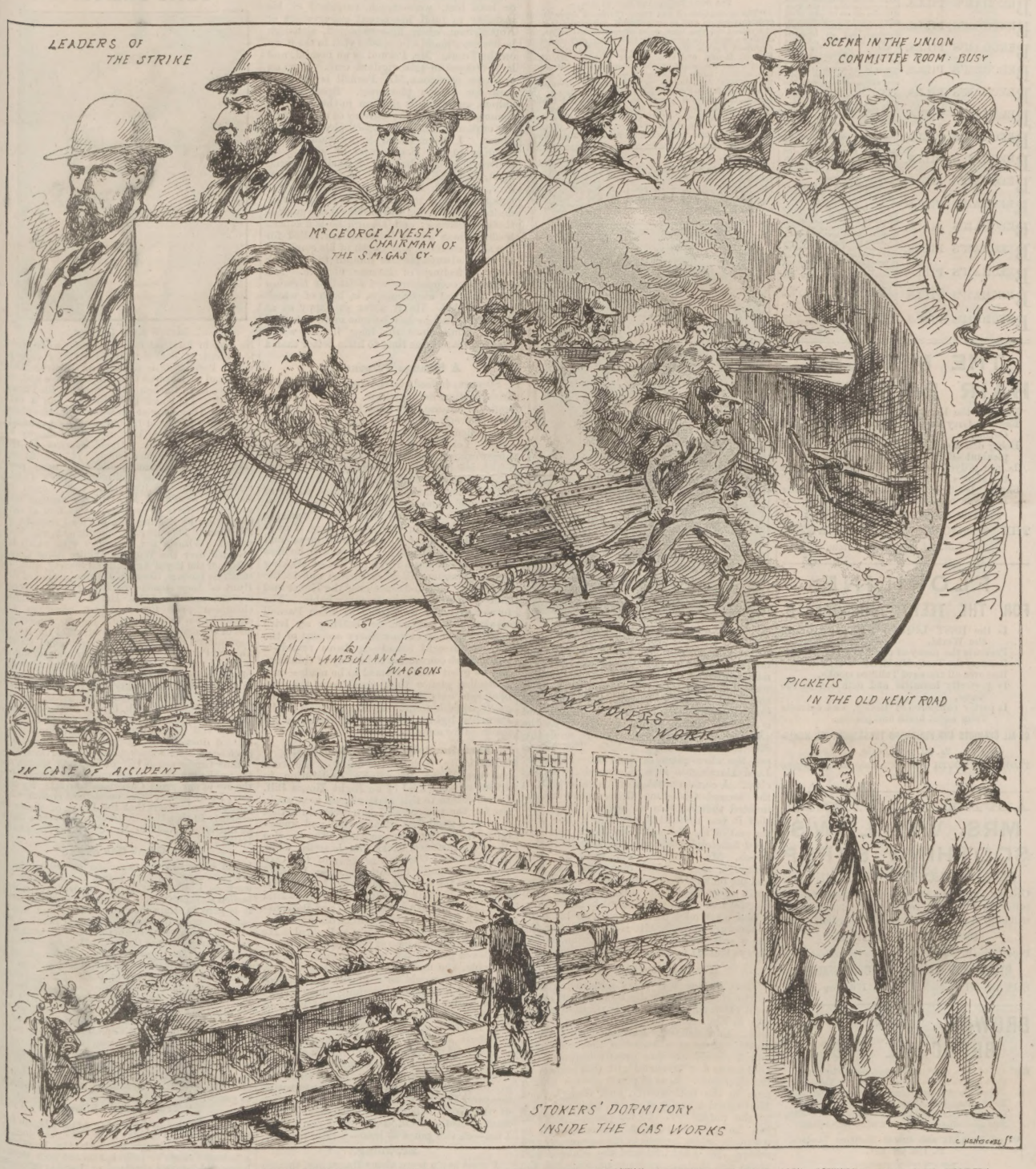

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TOGETHER WITH THE

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Entitled "HOW LIKE GRANDMA!" by C. Burton Barber.

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PRESS OPINION.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Nov. 16 says:—

"The special issue of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* is out early this season, and in an enlarged and improved form. It is rather rich this time in its literary contributions, including a burlesquie romance by G. R. Sims, and stories by Archibald Forbes, Howard Paul, George Manville Fenn, Richard Henry, and several other writers. Mr. John Latey jun., the editor, writes a romantic and dramatic tale, entitled 'Little Sunbeam's Secret Marriage.' Among the artistic contributors are Maurice Greiffenhagen, F. Barnard, Harry Furniss, Hal Ludlow, and others. The presentation coloured plate is by Mr. C. Burton Barber, and is called 'How Like Grandma!'—the droll exclamation being that of a little girl who has tried the effect of grandma's cap on the head of her pet doggie, mounted on grandma's chair. Altogether the number is a good one."

PERSONAL POLITICS

The Marquis of Hartington.

LORD HARTINGTON has appeared at Bacup, not exactly in a new character, but in a modification of his old. He has apparently waived his objections to certain portions of the more advanced programme which the Conservative rank and file have adopted, and is willing, within limits, to appear as the advocate of social reform. That is, no doubt, the traditional Whig policy. The Whigs are the slow-goers of politics. However, Lord Hartington is a fair specimen of his class. A certain number of his colleagues in the second Gladstone Government always insisted that he was at heart a Tory, and that it was difficult to get him in line with the rest of the Cabinet. No doubt men like Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Jennings, and a good many of the rank and file on the Conservative side of the House are a great deal more advanced than Lord Hartington. One point about him, however, is that when once he has made up his mind he does not go back. He is sturdy and stolid, has a certain openness to conviction, and is always trusted by his political associates.

His Position in Politics.

Time was—a few years ago—when Lord Hartington was generally talked about as the most powerful and generally popular statesman in England. I think that time is over now. Lord Salisbury has taken Lord Hartington's place as a leader of the moderates, and I should say has greatly improved his chances as first favourite with that section of the electorate. Loss of power always puts a man in the background, and, though Lord Hartington is really in power, he is out of it to the public eye. In his present position, too, he is not quite strenuous enough to maintain public interest in his personality and career. He is not idle, and the common jest about him that he cares for nothing but the racecourse is untrue. He is profoundly interested in politics. But, like Mr. Chamberlain, his bodily habit is rather sluggish, and, unlike that statesman, the deficiency in physical sprightliness is not made up by an untiring and restless energy, a profound ambition, and a delight in the management of men and the conduct of policies. Lord Hartington is much stronger than he often looks in the House of Commons, with his hat over his eyes, which are shut, his lower lip protruding in half-disdainful, half-lazy fashion, and his legs stretched straight and stark in front. He is also under the influence of a singularly able and active intelligence, which is that of a woman. Still, with all his gifts—and the Devonshires are an able family: none abler than the brilliant old scholar, Lord Hartington's father—I do not consider him the man for the rough, workaday, active, moving life of modern politics.

Mr. Parnell.

Few people, whether they love Mr. Parnell or hate him, were much surprised at his inability to fulfil his recent engagement at Nottingham when first expected, although he has since made a successful visit to the town on the Trent. Mr. Parnell is an invalid, and he is ordered to take vigilant care. Even on ordinary occasions Mr. Parnell is no great man for public platforms. Speaking he abhors, and there is no man in the House of Commons to whom the delivery of an impending oration is a more wretched physical experience. I have heard many public men describe to me the horrors of waiting to deliver a speech, but Mr. Parnell's miseries must, I should say, cap all of them. Moreover, the Irish Leader is indifferent to the things that some men of warmer temperament desire—approbation and the cheers of a sympathetic gathering; and, though he is a superb business man and a tactician unrivalled for the skill, coolness, and depth of his combinations, he always buckles himself to the work with a feeling of intense distaste. His favourite occupations are scientific farming and chemical experiments, in both of which he is skilled. He is never so happy as at Avondale, and he has become more attached to his home since the long illness which reduced him at one time to little better than a skeleton.

A Strange Personality.

Strange, indeed, is the personality of the Irish Nationalist chieftain. Never did any leader of a cause hold himself more aloof from his followers. They trust him, he likes and trusts them; but he and they say little of each other. Yet, with his shyness and love of solitary work, of long periods of seclusion, during which few business letters reach him, he has some interesting social qualities. A grave but very dry humour, and an admirable power of hitting off a man's characteristics in a phrase, are the characteristics of Mr. Parnell's private talk. He is not an enthusiast; he is, if anything, a man of Conservative ideas and temperament; but he has an iron will, he likes power, and he has a rigid method of sticking to a programme till it is carried out to the last letter. His influence over the House and over public meetings is remarkable. The former is never so hushed as when Parnell speaks, and I remember hearing an Irish member give an extraordinary account of the way he brought round—or drove round—a hostile Irish convention to his way of thinking. Yet no great effort seemed to be made—only a steelier glance than usual from the cold blue eye, only the slightest raising of the grave, equable tones. By the way, one of Mr. Parnell's lighter traits of character is his fondness for animals.

Lord Randolph's New Bombshell.

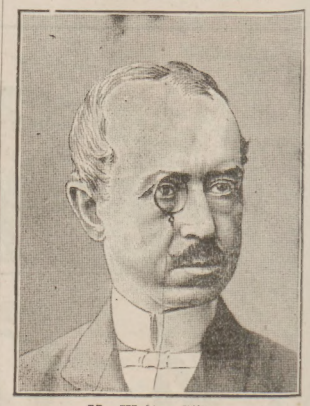
Politically, perhaps, the event of the week has been Lord Randolph's declaration in favour of some kind of an Eight Hours Bill. I shall return to this matter again next week, but for the present all I can ascertain is that there is a good deal of agitation and uncertainty in the Conservative camp. The *Evening News*, for instance, backs him heartily, while the *St. James's Gazette*, the organ of the City Tories, is strongly against him. So, I should fancy, are the bulk of the Party; but there is always a Churchill following, which has a kind of belief in him as a successor to Lord Beaconsfield. In this I fancy they will be disappointed. Lord Randolph is practically a Radical. He is, in my opinion, a man of the greatest ability—nay, even genius, but he is too uncertain, too unstable, too apt to turn on his associates. However, it would be a mistake to suppose that Lord Randolph is working alone in the Conservative ranks. He has three friends in the Government—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Ritchie, and Mr. Matthews; but his strongest adherent is Lord Dunraven, who is now working away at the conclusion of the evidence in the Sweating Commission. Now, I may be a false prophet; but I shall ask my readers to look out for two Conservative measures this Session, or next: 1. A Housing of the Poor Bill; 2. An Extension of the Factory Acts. And, somehow, I don't think I am—on this point at least—a false prophet.

Browning.

I must say a word about Browning, though it is not strictly in the line of politics. I may mention, indeed, that Browning was a Liberal, a strong hater of the Austrian Government, and a devoted lover of Italy, and that he became a mild Unionist. Politicians, however, like everyone else, will miss him sorely. He and Mr. Gladstone were the two old men who most adorned modern society. One is gone; the other is eighty. Tennyson has withdrawn entirely from London circles. Swinburne and Meredith both live more or less secluded lives; and Morris is, of course, out of it. So the great world which talks, gaining little as it does from the society of poets, feels utterly desolate at the loss of the man who, while he was one of the profoundest of English thinkers, one of the greatest of all English poets, was in company the simplest, blandest, most unaffected of men.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.



Mr. Walter Gilbey.

No man in England has done more to improve the breed of horses than Mr. Walter Gilbey, whose Portrait it is a pleasure to give. This great and well-proved friend of the horse had, on the 11th inst., the honour to entertain the Prince of Wales, Lord and Lady Brooke, and a distinguished company at his Essex seat, Elsenham Hall; and his Royal Highness, with accustomed tact and bonhomie, bore willing testimony to Mr. Walter Gilbey's national services in the direction I have mentioned. It was fitting that this Royal visit should have been paid in the week of the Smithfield Club's Cattle Show, as on the 10th inst. the Council of the Club recognised Mr. Gilbey's zealous and consistent efforts to promote the welfare of that institution by electing him a Vice-President of the Club. This marked compliment was well earned. Witness the heartiness with which he presided over the Windsor Jubilee Show Committee of the Royal Agricultural Society, and his steadfast labours, likewise, as prime author of the Hunters' Improvement Society, Hackney Horse Society, and the Shire Horse Society, whose champion prize for the best horse in all classes he has twice secured. He was, moreover, one of the deputation of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society to the International Cattle Show at Paris this year. Mr. Gilbey is a thoroughgoing Liberal in politics. It should also be placed to his credit that he is a thorough believer in the virtues of hospitality, and that he does his best, "like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time" (though, for the matter of that, he is in the prime of life), to keep up the reputation of Old England for Good Cheer and open-handed liberality, particularly at Christmastide. Such being his character and such his services, Mr. Walter Gilbey merits the cordial good wishes of the public as well as of his numerous friends on the eve of our great Christmas festival. By the way, I may inform those omniscient gossips who pertinaciously assert that the Prince of Wales is seriously ill that H.R.H. never looked better than he did on his visit to Mr. Gilbey at Elsenham Hall.

The Great Gas Strike

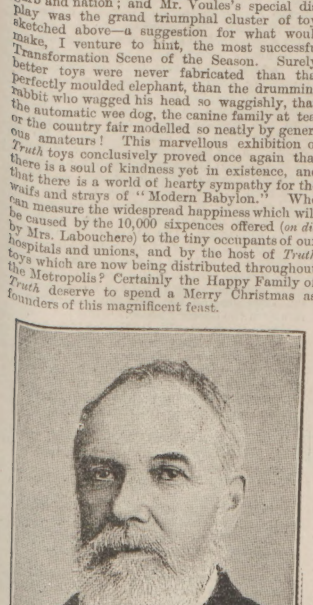
began in earnest at the close of last week, I grieve to say. I deeply regret this cessation of work on the part of many hundreds of able-bodied working-men in South London, because it is pretty certain their action will entail much suffering upon themselves and their families, as well as cause great discomfort to householders and inconvenience to the South Metropolitan Gas Company. The Sketches given on the front page of the Strike leaders, of Mr. Livesey, and of scenes within the works at the Old Kent-road, where provision has been made for sleeping, feeding, and entertaining the new hands, will be admitted to be of considerable public interest at this juncture. Everyone must wish this new struggle in the war of Capital v. Labour may soon end, and that the adoption of some such rational system of arbitration as the French "Councils of Wise Men" may in the New Year be substituted for this rough and clumsy method of Striking, the ill effects of which it is difficult to gauge.

"Truth" Doll Show.

The welcome Christmas season really began for the little ones on Sunday last. Then the goodly store of toys—enough to stock the Lowther-arcade or Cremer's—collected for the poor workhouse and hospital children of London through the kindheartedness of Mr. Henry Labouchere and through the agency of *Truth*, delighted the privileged few who strolled through the Grosvenor

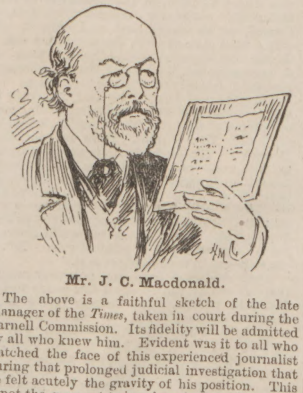
"TRUTH" DOLL SHOW FOR POOR CHILDREN AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

Gallery. The little Prince Charming I had the honour to accompany was fairly bewitched by the radiant array of some 22,000 toys. It was Fairyland; and sprightly little Miss Labouchere was the Fairy. My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Voules for the excellent taste with which the brilliant show was arranged. Vivacious Mrs. Voules was to be credited for the pyramids of gaily dressed prize dolls of every garb and nation; and Mr. Voules's special display was the grand triumphal cluster of toys sketched above—a suggestion for what would make, I venture to hint, the most successful Transformation Scene of the Season. Surely, better toys were never fabricated than that perfectly moulded elephant, than the drumming rabbit who wagged his head so waggishly, than the automatic wee dog, the canine family at tea, or the country fair modelled so neatly by generous amateurs! This marvellous exhibition of *Truth* toys conclusively proved once again that there is a soul of kindness yet in existence, and that there is a world of hearty sympathy for the waifs and strays of "Modern Babylon." Who can measure the widespread happiness which will be caused by the 10,000 sixpences offered (*on dit* by Mrs. Labouchere) to the tiny occupants of our hospitals and unions, and by the host of *Truth* toys which are now being distributed throughout the Metropolis? Certainly the Happy Family of *Truth* deserve to spend a Merry Christmas as founders of this magnificent feast.



Chief Constable Williamson,

who died on the 9th of December, was deservedly one of the most respected members of the Metropolitan Police Force. He was looked up to and honoured not only by successive Home Secretaries and the present able Chief Commissioner, Mr. James Monro, and his Assistant Commissioners, but also by every member of "the Force" who knew him. The late Mr. A. F. Williamson was, indeed, a man of sterling integrity; and he had the satisfaction of knowing that his zeal, fidelity, and high capacity were appreciated at Scotland Yard as these rare qualities should be valued. They were true mourners who followed his remains to their last resting-place in Woking Cemetery. I have no doubt the Home Office will see that his sorrowing widow and children will be well cared for, since the Chief Commissioner has declared in a general order that by Chief Constable Williamson's death "the force has sustained an irreparable loss, and the public has to lament the removal of one of its most trusted and devoted servants."



Mr. J. C. Macdonald.

The above is a faithful sketch of the late Manager of the *Times*, taken in court during the Parnell Commission. Its fidelity will be admitted by all who knew him. Evident was it to all who watched the face of this experienced journalist during that prolonged judicial investigation that he felt acutely the gravity of his position. This is not the moment to inquire whether his anxiety was warranted by the disclosures made regarding the forged Pigott letters. Before the barely closed grave it is right to remember Mr. Macdonald's unquestioned journalistic services to the English-speaking world as manager for many years of the *Times* newspaper. John Cameron Macdonald, a Glencoe man, was born in 1822, and died at Croydon on Dec. 10 last. He became a *Times* reporter, and administered the Crimean Relief Fund so well on behalf of the proprietors of the *Times* that he rapidly rose in the office, was made manager of the printing department of the *Times*, and succeeded the late Mr. Mowbray Morris as general manager. The great respect in which Mr. Macdonald was held by the *Times'* staff to the last was indicated by the large following, on Saturday, at his funeral at Croydon—Messrs. Walter, Mr. W. H. Russell, Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., and the chiefs of each department of the great newspaper joining in this last tribute to his memory.

"Verdant Green."

Perhaps the present generation has well-nigh forgotten Mr. Verdant Green, the Oxford freshman, and his adventures. If so, the death last week of his creator, "Cuthbert Bede," will serve to remind it once again of a book over which thousands of persons have enjoyed a hearty laugh. The real name of Cuthbert Bede was Edward Bradley, and he was Vicar of Lenton. The Rev. Edward Bradley wrote many books, but not one so good as "Verdant Green," which was first published so long ago as 1854. It was a remarkable achievement to have given us so fine a glimpse of Oxford ways without having been in the famous University city—for Bradley was a Durham man. Although not a great book, "Verdant Green" bids fair to live, because it hit off a phase of life fast dying out and not too abundantly recorded. Although far inferior to "Tom Brown's Schooldays," it is a better book than "Tom Brown at Oxford." And so for his hearty fun and genial wit we bow reverently at the grave of Cuthbert Bede.

Supremely Superb.

Yes. Barnum's Show is as stupendous as all the critics have declared. I am not fond of "freaks" myself, and prefer looking at ladies without beards, and at well-proportioned men, rather than at "skeleton dudes"; but my taste in this is singular, and I heard many an enthusiastic word from the visitors to this part of the exhibition. The menagerie is interesting and unrivalled. Surely so many elephants were never before collected in this country. Next in interest is perhaps the snake-charmer, whose management of the graceful but somewhat repulsive creatures is a sight to see. But the crowning glory of the show comes on about ten o'clock. With the historical spectacle of "Nero" Mr. Barnum undoubtedly makes good his claim to the possession of "the greatest show on earth." The almost endless spectacle of horses and camels and elephants and gaily dressed men and women will be a Christmas holiday treat for the children which they will remember as long as they live.

My Christmas Card.

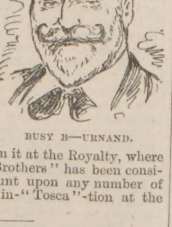
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO YOU ALL!

THE PROMPTER.

Music & the Drama

KING PANTOMIME already reigns. At Drury Lane, pronounced the National Theatre, his popular Majesty takes the guise of Mr. Augustus Harris, who is waving his wand to such good purpose that "Jack and the Beanstalk," written by himself and Mr. Harry Nicholls, bids fair literally to eclipse Old Drury's previous Annuals, both in splendour and in fun. The sumptuous dresses have won the admiration of a bevy of lady private viewers. Harry Payne tells me the comic business of the opening is exceptionally good; and it goes without saying that the harlequinade will be of the best, conducted by the King of Clowns. Whispers also came from "the wings" that Mr. Charles Harris, given *carte blanche*, is labouring hard to make "Cinderella," by "Richard Henry," one of the marvels of Christmas at Her Majesty's, where merry Minnie Palmer is to be as dainty a Cinderella as Dot Mario was last year at the Grand. By the way, at the Islington Grand the forthcoming pantomime will be called "Aladdin; or, The Saucy Young Scamp who Collared the Lamp." It is Mr. Geoffrey Thorn's fifth pantomime at this house. He also writes "Whittington and His Cat" for the Pavilion Theatre; "Cinderella" for the Prince's Theatre, Bristol; and "Robinson Crusoe" for the Theatre Royal, Plymouth. Brayvo, Geoffrey Thorn!

All who appreciate Humour and Good Humour—they don't *always* go together—will rejoice with me to hear that the Merry Momus of *Punch*, Mr. F. C. Burnand, is this Christmas again to enliven the little stage he peopled so many, many nights with those most memorable of burlesques, "Ixion" and "Black-Eyed Susan." Mr. Burnand is to delight us with a buslesque of "La Tosca," which he is finishing for Mr. Arthur Roberts and Miss Margaret Aytoun, who are to play in it at the Royalty, where "The New Corsican Brothers" has been considerably improved. Count upon any number of sober fits of mirthful in-"Tosca"-tion at the Royalty this season.



BUSY B—URNAND.

Produced respectively at the Princess's and the Globe too late for review this week, "Master and Man," the moving melodrama MM. Sims and Pettitt wrote for the Patemans, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the costly and elaborately mounted venture of Mr. J. R. Benson, doubtless deserve well of the playgoing public; and I hope to be able to report favourably of both next week.

In December, everybody seems to take a greater interest in all things theatrical and music-hally. To the general public, then, should "Richard Henry's" very readable shilling book, "Misery Junction," be acceptable, inasmuch as it brings home in incisive style to all the sidelights and inner lives of the poorest mummers, who strut their hour on the stage, and "go to the bad." There are some touches of true pathos in these generally lively sketches, and some bits of clever characterisation, which lead me to expect great things of "Richard Henry's" first drama on the London boards. The two friends, Mr. Richard Butler and Mr. Henry C. Newton, who have hitherto shone in bright farce and popular burlesques, will be pretty certain to make their mark in serious drama. Meantime, they do well to fill up their leisure hours with such sprightly work as "Misery Junction" and the pantomime of "Cinderella" for Her Majesty's.

Before he hies to Jerusalem for the "Happy New Year" we all wish him, "Dagonet" recommends to us afresh the powerful and amusing new drama of "London Day by Day," written by Mr. G. R. Sims in conjunction with Mr. H. Pettitt, in the following verses:—

The Liar triumphs, and the Knave
Rides buoyant on the rolling wave,
And Liberty makes many a slave
In "London Day by Day."

Yet Hope and Trust and Faith and Love,
And God's fair dowers from above,
Still find a branch, like Noah's dove,
In "London Day by Day."

THESPIS.

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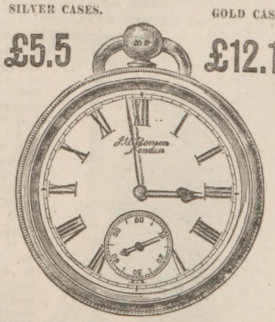

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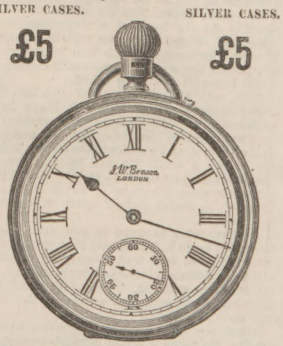

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BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE PARTING SCENE.

THE evening had advanced, and the candles had just been lit in Mountjoy's sitting-room at the hotel.

His anxiety to hear from Iris had been doubled and trebled since he had made the discovery of her father's visit to the doctor's house, at a time when it was impossible to doubt that Lord Harry was with her. Hugh's jealous sense of wrong was now mastered by the nobler emotions which filled him with pity and alarm, when he thought of Iris placed between the contending claims of two such men as the heartless Mr. Henley and the reckless Irish lord. He had remained at the hotel, through the long afternoon, on the chance that she might write to him speedily by the hand of a messenger—and no letter had arrived. He was still in expectation of news which might reach him by the evening post, when the waiter knocked at the door.

"A letter?" Mountjoy asked.

"No, sir," the man answered; "a lady."

Before she could raise her veil, Hugh had recognised Iris. Her manner was subdued; her face was haggard; her hand lay cold and passive in his hand, when he advanced to bid her welcome. He placed a chair for her by the fire. She thanked him, and declined to take it. With the air of a woman conscious of committing an intrusion, she seated herself apart in a corner of the room.

"I have tried to write to you, and I have not been able to do it." She said that, with a dogged resignation of tone and manner, so unlike herself that Mountjoy looked at her in dismay. "My friend," she went on, "your pity is all I may hope for: I am no longer worthy of the interest you once felt in me."

Hugh saw that it would be useless to remonstrate. He asked if it had been his misfortune to offend her.

"No," she said, "you have not offended me."

"Then what, in Heaven's name, does this change in you mean?"

"It means," she said, as coldly as ever, "that I have lost my self-respect; it means that my father has renounced me, and that you will do well to follow his example. Have I not led you to believe that I could never be the wife of Lord Harry? Well! I have deceived you—I am going to marry him."

"I can't believe it, Iris! I won't believe it!"

She handed him the letter, in which the Irishman had declared his resolution to destroy himself. Hugh read it with contempt. "Did my lord's heart fail him?" he asked scornfully.

"He would have died by his own hand, Mr. Mountjoy"——

"Oh, Iris,—'*Mr.*'!"

"I will say 'Hugh,' if you prefer it—but the days of our familiar friendship are none the less at an end. I found Lord Harry bleeding to death from a wound in his throat. It was in a lonely place on Hampstead Heath; I was the one person who happened to pass by it. For the third time, you see, it has been my destiny to save him. How can I forget that? My mind will dwell on it. I try to find happiness—oh, only happiness enough for *me*—in cheering my poor Irishman, on his way back to the life that I have preserved. There is my motive, if I have a motive. Day after day, I have helped to nurse him. Day after day, I have heard him say things to me—what is the use of repeating them? After years of resistance, I have given way; let that be enough. My one act of discretion has been to prevent a quarrel between my father and Harry. I beg your pardon, I ought to have said Lord Harry. When my father came to the house, I insisted on speaking with him alone; I told him what I have just told you. He said: 'Think again before you make your choice between that man and me. If you decide to marry him, you will live and die without one farthing of my money to help you.' He put his watch on the table between us, and gave me five minutes to make up my mind. It was a long five minutes, but it ended at last. He asked me which he was to do—leave his will as it was, or go to his lawyer and make another? I said, 'You will do as you please, sir.' No; it was not a hasty reply—you can't make that excuse for me. I knew what I was saying; and I saw the future I was preparing for myself, as plainly as you see it"——

Hugh could endure no longer the reckless expression of her despair.

"No!" he cried, "you don't see your future as I see it. Will you hear what I have to say, before it is too late?"

"It is too late already. But I will listen to you if you wish it."

"And, while you listen," Mountjoy added, "you will acquit me of being influenced by a selfish motive. I have loved you dearly. Perhaps, in secret, I love you still. But, this I know: if you were to remain a single woman for the rest of your life, there would be no hope for Me. Do you believe that I am speaking the truth?"

"You always speak the truth."

"I speak in your interests, at least. You think you see your future life plainly—you are blind to your future life. You talk as if you were resigned to suffer. Are you resigned to lose your sense of right and wrong? Are you resigned to lead the life of an outlaw, and—worse still—not to feel the disgrace of it?"

"Go on, Hugh."

"You won't answer me?"

"I won't shock you!"

"You don't discourage me, my dear; I am still obstinate in the hope of restoring you to your calmer and truer self. Let me do every justice to Lord Harry. I believe, sincerely believe, that his miserable life has not utterly destroyed in him the virtues which distinguish an honourable man. But he has one terrible defect. In his nature there is the fatal pliability which finds companionable qualities in bad friends. In this aspect of his character he is a dangerous man—and he may be (forgive me) a bad husband. It is a thankless task to warn you to any good purpose. A wife—and a loving wife more than another—feels the deteriorating influence of a husband who is not worthy of her. His ways of thinking are apt to become, little by little, her ways of thinking. She makes allowances for him which he does not deserve; her sense of right and wrong becomes confused; and, before she is aware of it herself, she has sunk to his level. Are you angry with me?"

"How can I be angry with you? Perhaps you are right."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then, for God's sake, reconsider your decision! Let me go to your father."

"Mere waste of time," Iris answered. "Nothing that you can say will have the least effect on him."

"At any rate," Mountjoy persisted, "I mean to try."

Had he touched her? She smiled—how bitterly, Hugh failed to perceive.

"Shall I tell you what happened to me when I went home to-day?" she said. "I found my maid waiting in the hall—with everything that belongs to me, packed up for my departure. The girl explained that she had been forced to obey my father's positive orders. I knew what that meant—I had to leave the house, and find a place to live in."

"Not by yourself, Iris?"

"No—with my maid. She is a strange creature; if she feels sympathy, she never expresses it. 'I am your grateful servant, Miss. Where you go, I go.' That was all she said; I was not disappointed—I am getting used to Fanny Mere already. Mine is a lonely lot—isn't it? I have acquaintances among the few ladies who sometimes visit at my father's house, but no friends. My mother's family, as I have always been told, cast her off when she married a man in trade, with a doubtful reputation. I don't even know where my relations live. Isn't Lord Harry good enough for me, as I am now? When I look at my prospects, is it wonderful if I talk like a desperate woman? There is but one encouraging circumstance that I can see. This misplaced love of mine that everybody condemns has, oddly enough, a virtue that everybody must admire. It offers a refuge to a woman who is alone in the world."

Mountjoy denied indignantly that she was alone in the world.

"Is there any protection that a man can offer to a woman," he asked, "which I am not ready and eager to offer to You? Oh, Iris, what have I done to deserve that you should speak of yourself as friendless in my hearing?"

He had touched her at last. Their tender charm showed itself once more in her eyes and in her smile. She rose and approached him.

"What exquisite kindness it must be," she said, "that blinds a clever man like you to obstacles which anyone else can see! Remember, dear Hugh, what the world would say to that protection which your true heart offers to me. Are you my near relation? are you my guardian? are you even an old man? Ah me! you are only an angel of goodness whom I must submit to lose. I shall still count on your kindness when we see each other no more. You will pity me when you hear that I have fallen lower and lower: you will be sorry for me when I end in disgracing myself."

"Even then, Iris, we shall not be separated. The loving friend who is near you now will be your loving friend still."

For the first time in her life she threw her arms round him. In the agony of that farewell, she held him to her bosom. "Goodbye, dear," she said faintly—and kissed him.

The next moment a deadly pallor overspread her face. She staggered as she drew back, and dropped into the chair that she had just left. In the fear that she might faint, Mountjoy hurried out in search of a restorative. His bedchamber was close by, at the end of the corridor; and there were smelling-salts in his dressing-case. As he raised the lid he heard the door behind him, the one door in the room, locked from the outer side.

He rushed to the door and called to her. From the farther end of the corridor her voice reached him for the last time, repeating the last melancholy word: "Goodbye." No renewal of the miserable parting scene! no more of the heartache—Iris had ended it!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FATAL WORDS.

When Mountjoy had rung for the servant, and the bed-room door had been unlocked, it was too late to follow the fugitive. Her cab was waiting for her outside; and the attention of the porter had been distracted, at the same time, by a new arrival of travellers at the hotel.

It is more or less in the nature of all men who are worthy of the name to take refuge from distress in action. Hugh decided on writing to Iris, and on making his appeal to her father, that evening. He abstained from alluding, in his letter, to the manner in which she had left him; it was her right, it was even her duty, to spare herself. All that he asked was to be informed of her present place of residence, so that he might communicate the result—in writing only if she preferred it—of his contemplated interview with her father. He addressed his letter to the care of Mr. Vimpany, to be forwarded, and posted it himself.

This done, he went at once to Mr. Henley's house.

The servant who opened the door had evidently received his orders. Mr. Henley was "not at home." Mountjoy was in no humour to be trifled with. He pushed the man out of his way, and made straight for the dining-room. There, as his previous experience of the habits of the household had led him to anticipate, was the man whom he was determined to see. The table was laid for Mr. Henley's late dinner.

Hugh's well-meant attempt to plead the daughter's cause with the father ended as Iris had said it would end.

After hotly resenting the intrusion on him that had been committed, Mr. Henley declared that a codicil to his will, depriving his daughter absolutely of all interest in his property, had been legally executed that day. For a time, Mountjoy's self-control had resisted the most merciless provocation. All that it was possible to effect, by patient entreaty and respectful remonstrance, he had tried again and again, and invariably in vain. At last, Mr. Henley's unbridled insolence triumphed. Hugh lost his temper—and, in leaving the heartless old man, used language which he afterwards remembered with regret.

To feel that he had attempted to assert the interests of Iris, and that he had failed, was, in Hugh's heated state of mind, an irresistible stimulant to further exertion. It was perhaps not too late yet to make another attempt to delay (if not to prevent) the marriage.

In sheer desperation, Mountjoy resolved to inform Lord Harry that his union with Miss Henley would be followed by the utter ruin of her expectations from her father. Whether the wild lord only considered his own interests, or whether he was loyally devoted to the interests of the woman whom he loved, in either case the penalty to be paid for the marriage was formidable enough to make him hesitate.

The lights in the lower window, and in the passage, told Hugh that he had arrived in good time at Redburn Road.

He found Mr. Vimpany and the young Irishman sitting together, in the friendliest manner, under the composing influence of tobacco. Primed, as he would have said himself, with only a third glass of grog, the hospitable side of the doctor's character was displayed to view. He at once accepted Mountjoy's visit as offering a renewal of friendly relations between them.

"Forgive and forget," he said, "there's the way to settle that little misunderstanding after our dinner at the inn. You know Mr. Mountjoy, my lord? That's right. Draw in your chair, Mountjoy. My professional prospects threaten me with ruin—but while I have a roof over my head, there's always a welcome for a friend. My dear fellow, I have every reason to believe that the doctor who sold me this practice was a swindler. The money is gone, and the patients don't come. Well! I am not quite bankrupt yet; I can offer you a glass of grog. Mix for yourself—we'll make a night of it."

Hugh explained (with the necessary excuses) that his object was to say a few words to Lord Harry in private. The change visible in the doctor's manner, when he had been made acquainted with this circumstance, was not amiably expressed; he had the air of a man who suspected that an unfair advantage had been taken of him. Lord Harry, on his side, appeared to feel some hesitation in granting a private interview to Mr. Mountjoy.

"Is it about Miss Henley?" he asked.

Hugh admitted that it was. Lord Harry thereupon suggested that they might be acting wisely if they avoided the subject. Mountjoy answered that there were, on the contrary, reasons for approaching the subject sufficiently important to have induced him to leave London for Hampstead at a late hour of the night.

Hearing this, Lord Harry rose to lead the way to another room. Excluded from his visitor's confidence, Mr. Vimpany could at last remind Mountjoy that he exercised authority as master of the house. "Oh, take him upstairs, my lord," said the doctor; "*you* are at home under my humble roof!"

The two young men faced each other in the barely furnished drawing-room; both sufficiently doubtful of the friendly result of the conference to abstain from seating themselves. Hugh came to the point without wasting time in preparatory words. Admitting that he had heard of Miss Henley's engagement, he asked if Lord Harry was aware of the disastrous consequences to the young lady which would follow her marriage.

The reply to this was frankly expressed. The Irish lord knew nothing of the consequences to which Mr. Mountjoy had alluded. Hugh at once enlightened him, and evidently took him completely by surprise.

"May I ask, sir," he said, "if you are speaking from your own personal knowledge?"

"I have just come, my lord, from Mr. Henley's house: and what I have told you I heard from his own lips."

There was a pause. Hugh was already inclined to think that he had raised an obstacle to the immediate celebration of the marriage. A speedy disappointment was in store for him. Lord Harry was too fond of Iris to be influenced, in his relations with her, by mercenary considerations.

"You put it strongly," he said. "But, let me tell you, Miss Henley is far from being so dependent on her father—he ought to be ashamed of himself, but that's neither here nor there—I say, she is far from being so dependent on her father as you seem to think. I am not, I beg to inform you, without resources which I shall offer to her with all my heart and soul. Perhaps, you wish me to descend to particulars? Oh, it's easily done; I have sold my cottage in Ireland."

"For a large sum—in these times?" Hugh inquired.

"Never mind the sum, Mr. Mountjoy—let the fact be enough for you. And, while we are on the question of money (a disgusting question, with which I refuse to associate the most charming woman in existence), don't forget that Miss Henley has an income of her own: derived, as I understand, from her mother's fortune. You will do me the justice, sir, to believe that I shall not touch a farthing of it."

"Certainly! But her mother's fortune," Mountjoy continued, obstinately presenting the subject on its darkest side, "consists of shares in a Company. Shares rise and fall—and Companies sometimes fail."

"And a friend's anxiety about Miss Henley's affairs sometimes takes a mighty disagreeable form," the Irishman added, his temper beginning to show itself without disguise. "Let's suppose the worst that can happen, and get all the sooner to the end of a conversation which is far from being agreeable to me. We'll say, if you like, that Miss Henley's shares are wastepaper, and her pockets (God bless her!) as empty as pockets can be, does she run any other risk that occurs to your ingenuity in becoming my wife?"

"Yes, she does!" Hugh was provoked into saying. "In the case you have just supposed, she runs the risk of being left a destitute widow—if you die."

He was prepared for an angry reply—for another quarrel added, on that disastrous night, to the quarrel with Mr. Henley. To his astonishment, Lord Harry's brightly expressive eyes rested on him with a look of mingled distress and alarm. "God forgive me!" he said to himself, "I never thought of that! What am I to do? what am I to do?"

Mountjoy observed that deep discouragement, and failed to understand it.

Here was a desperate adventurer, whose wanderings had over and over again placed his life in jeopardy, now apparently overcome by merely having his thoughts directed to the subject of death! To place on the circumstances such a construction as this was impossible, after a moment's reflection. The other alternative was to assume that there must be some anxiety burdening Lord Harry's mind, which he had motives for keeping concealed—and here indeed the true explanation had been found. The Irish lord had reasons, known only to himself, for recoiling from the contemplation of his own future. After the murder of Arthur Mountjoy, he had severed his connection with the assassinating brotherhood of the Invincibles; and he had then been warned that he took this step at the peril of his life, if he remained in Great Britain after he had made himself an object of distrust to his colleagues. The discovery, by the secret tribunal, of his return from South Africa would be followed inevitably by the sentence of death. Such was the terrible position which Mountjoy's reply had ignorantly forced him to confront. His fate depended on the doubtful security of his refuge in the doctor's house.

While Hugh was still looking at him, in grave doubt, a new idea seemed to spring to life in Lord Harry's mind. He threw off the oppression that had weighed on his spirits in an instant. His manner towards Mountjoy changed, with the suddenness of a flash of light, from the extreme of coldness to the extreme of cordiality.

"I have got it at last!" he exclaimed. "Let's shake hands. My dear sir, you're the best friend I have ever had!"

The cool Englishman asked: "In what way?"

"In this way, to be sure! You have reminded me that I can provide for Miss Henley—and the sooner the better. There's our friend the doctor downstairs, ready to be my reference. Don't you see it?"

Obstacles that might prevent the marriage, Mountjoy was ready enough to see. Facilities that might hasten the marriage, found his mind hard of access to new impressions.

"Are you speaking seriously?" he said.

The Irishman's irritable temper began to show itself again.

"Why do you doubt it?" he asked.

"I fail to understand you," Mountjoy replied.

Never—as events were yet to prove—had words of such serious import fallen from Lord Harry's lips as the words that he spoke next.

"Clear your mind of jealousy," he said, "and you will understand me well enough. I agree with you that I am bound to provide for my widow—and I mean to do it by insuring my life."

THE END OF THE SECOND PERIOD.

THIRD PERIOD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEWS OF IRIS.

After his interview with the Irish lord, Mountjoy waited for two days, in the expectation of hearing from Iris. No reply arrived. Had Mr. Vimpany failed to forward the letter that had been entrusted to him?

On the third day, Hugh wrote to make inquiries. The doctor returned the letter that had been confided to his care, and complained in his reply of the ungrateful manner in which he had been treated. Miss Henley had not trusted him with her new address in London; and Lord Harry had suddenly left Redburn Road, bidding his host goodbye in a few lines of commonplace apology, once, he decided on giving up the struggle and returning to his pretty cottage in Scotland. More than once, he deferred taking the journey. At one time, he dreaded to hear that Iris was married, if she wrote to him. At another time, he felt mortified and disappointed by the neglect which her silence implied. Was she near him, or far from him? In England, or out of England? Who could say?

After more weary days of waiting and suffering, a letter arrived, addressed to Mountjoy in a strange handwriting, and bearing the post-mark of Paris. The signature revealed that his correspondent was Lord Harry.

His first impulse was to throw the letter into the fire, unread. There could be little doubt, after the time that had passed, of the information that it would contain. Could he endure to be told of the marriage of Iris, by the man who was her husband? Never! There was something humiliating in the very idea of it. He arrived at that conclusion—and what did he do in spite of it? He read the letter.

Lord Harry wrote with scrupulous politeness of expression. He regretted that circumstances had prevented him from calling on Mr. Mountjoy before he left England. After the conversation that had taken place at Mr. Vimpany's house, he felt it his duty to inform Mr. Mountjoy that he had insured his life—and, he would add, for a sum of money amply, and more than amply, sufficient to provide for his wife in the event of her surviving him. Lady Harry desired her kind regards, and would write immediately to her old and valued friend. In the meantime, he would conclude by repeating the expression of his sense of obligation to Mr. Mountjoy.

Hugh looked back at the first page of the letter in search of the writer's address. It was simply, "Paris." The intention to prevent any further correspondence, or any personal communication, could hardly have been more plainly implied. In another moment, the letter was in the fire.

In two days more, Hugh heard from Iris.

She, too, wrote regretfully of the sudden departure from England; adding, however, that it was her own doing. A slip of the tongue, on Lord Harry's part, in the course of conversation, had led her to fear that he was still in danger from political conspirators with whom he had imprudently connected himself. She had accordingly persuaded him to tell her the whole truth, and had thereupon insisted on an immediate departure for the Continent. She and her husband were now living in Paris; Lord Harry

He heard the door behind him locked from the outer side. He rushed to the door and called to her.

and nothing more. Mr. Vimpany did not deny that he had been paid for his medical services; but, he would ask, was nothing due to friendship? Was one man justified in enjoying another man's hospitality, and then treating him like a stranger? "I have done with them both—and I recommend you, my dear sir, to follow my example." In those terms the angry (and sober) doctor expressed his sentiments, and offered his advice.

Mountjoy laid down the letter in despair.

His last poor chance of preventing the marriage depended on his being still able to communicate with Iris—and she was as completely lost to him as if she had taken flight to the other end of the world. It might have been possible to discover her by following the movements of Lord Harry, but he too had disappeared without leaving a trace behind him. The precious hours and days were passing—and Hugh was absolutely helpless.

Tortured by anxiety and suspense, he still lingered at the hotel in London. More than having friends in that city whose influence might prove to be of great importance to his pecuniary prospects. Some sentences followed, expressing the writer's grateful remembrance of all that she had owed to Hugh in past days, and her earnest desire that they might still hear of each other, from time to time, by correspondence. She could not venture to anticipate the pleasure of receiving a visit from him, under present circumstances. But, she hoped that he would not object to write to her, addressing his letters, for the present, to poste restante.

In a postscript a few words were added, alluding to Mr. Vimpany. Hugh was requested not to answer any inquiries which that bad man might venture to make, relating to her husband or to herself. In the bygone days, she had been thankful to the doctor for the care which he had taken, medically speaking, of Rhoda Bennet. But, since that time, his behaviour to his wife, and the opinions which he had expressed in familiar conversation with Lord Harry, had convinced her that he was an unprincipled person. All further communication with him (if her influence could prevent it) must come to an end.

Still as far as ever from feeling reconciled to the marriage, Mountjoy read this letter with a feeling of resentment which disinclined him to answer it.

He believed (quite erroneously) that Iris had written to him under the superintendence of her husband. There were certain phrases which had been, as he chose to suspect, dictated by Lord Harry's distrust—jealous distrust, perhaps—of his wife's friend. Mountjoy would wait to reply, until, as he bitterly expressed it, Iris was able to write to him without the assistance of her master.

Again he thought of returning to Scotland—and, again, he hesitated.

On this occasion he discovered objections to the cottage which had not occurred to him while Iris was a single woman. The situation was solitary; his nearest neighbours were fishermen. Here and there, at some little distance, there were only a few scattered houses inhabited by retired tradesmen. Farther away yet, there was the country seat of an absent person of distinction, whose health suffered in the climate of Scotland. The lonely life in prospect, on the shores of the Solway, now daunted Mountjoy for the first time.

He decided on trying what society in London would do to divert his mind from the burdens and anxieties that weighed on it. Acquaintances whom he had neglected were pleasantly surprised by visits from their rich and agreeable young friend. He attended dinner-parties; he roused hope in mothers and daughters by accepting invitations to balls; he reappeared at his club. Was there any relief to his mind in this? Was there even amusement? No; he was acting a part, and he found it a hard task to keep up appearances. After a brief and brilliant interval, society knew him no more.

Left by himself again, he enjoyed one happy evening in London. It was the evening on which he relented, in spite of himself, and wrote to Iris.

(To be continued.)

SHOELESS FEET.

Shoeless feet, shoeless feet,
Freezing blue on the wintry street:
God, I cry, as here I stand,
Why are these in a Christian land?

Naked feet, shrinking feet,
Plashing red through the miry street;
Here, with sumless wealth around,
Oh, should sights like these be found?

Shrunken cheeks, childish eyes,
From which hunger daily cries;
Here, 'mid luxury, art, and ease,
Oh, to start from woes like these!

Baby misery—infant crime,
Childhood old before its time,
Boyish vice, from ignorance grown—
God, should here such things be known?

Lord, how long; Lord, how long
Shall these small ones suffer wrong?
Give us hearts, O Lord, that we
Lift their lives from misery.

Up to good, up to good,
Bodies, souls, oh, give them food!
Oh, be lives on earth here given
Lifting them to lives in heaven!

Godless souls, souls that well
Here we breed for sin and hell!
O my land, oh, mindful be!
God shall ask these souls of thee!

W. C. BENNETT.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

SHE didn't want a corner lot way out in Kansas City;
She didn't want a Turkish rug; she didn't think them pretty.
She hadn't any use for oil, for chromos, or for water;
She stuck her nose up at the dresses worn by Jones's daughters.
She just detested diamonds, and thought jewellery vulgar;
She had no love for ornaments, Roumanian or Bulgar.
She wouldn't drive in coach and four, although she might have had 'em,
But trudged along the street, as did her great forefather, Adam.
She didn't like the drama, and she thought the ballet horrid;
She didn't like the weather cold, nor yet so very torrid;
She didn't care for household work, and had no love for dishes;
She let her mother darn her hose, for she detested stitches.
She didn't care for isms, and she never wrote a letter
To the papers telling how she'd try to make the whole world better;
She lived in Massachusetts, she was freckled o'er with tan,
And all on earth she wanted was a marriageable man.

WHY?

"MAMMA, why do they hunt tigers and lions?"
"Because they kill the poor little sheep."
"Then," asks Tommy, after a moment's reflection, "why don't they hunt the butchers as well?"

THE FREEZING POINT.

CARRIE YONNE: "Unless she fears that he's after her money, I can't understand why Miss Oldsome treats our Jack so coolly!"

Jessie Bell: "Her age explains it. Thirty-two is the freezing-point, you know."

SARAH'S GRIEF.

MRS. CUMSO: "Isn't it awful in Sarah Bernhardt to act so soon after the death of her husband?"

MRS. FANGLE: "Yes; but I understand she wears black tights."

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

SATURDAY last was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the death of Prince Albert, whose remains are interred at the Frogmore Mausoleum; and the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and other members of the Royal family attended the memorial service annually held near the tomb of her Majesty's late consort. The Dean of Windsor officiated, and the anthems and hymns were sung by the choir of St. George's Chapel. This was also the eleventh anniversary of the death of her Royal Highness Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who died on Dec. 14, 1878.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, returned to Marlborough House on Monday morning from visiting the Queen at Windsor Castle, and left in the afternoon for Luton Hoo, Luton, on a visit to the Danish Minister and Madame De Falbe. The Prince and his family stay at Sandringham till the middle of January, and their Royal Highnesses will entertain a large party at the Hall during the week after Christmas, and a tenants' ball is to be given. Plenty of Christmas Good Cheer at Sandringham.

Prince Albert Victor left Madras on Monday morning by steamer for Rangoon.

Robert Browning, the poet, died on Thursday evening, Dec. 12, at the Palazzo Rezzonico, the residence of his son and daughter-in-law.

The Marquis of Salisbury and the Portuguese Minister left town last Monday evening on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Hesse, visited Barnum's Show at Olympia on Monday afternoon.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife witnessed the performance of "The Gondoliers" at the Savoy Theatre last Monday evening.

Mr. Balfour left London on Monday night by the Irish mail for Dublin, and will remain over Christmas at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phœnix Park.

Parliament may reassemble on Tuesday, Feb. 11.

The Prime Minister and the Marchioness of Salisbury are to leave Hatfield House on Thursday, Jan. 16, on a visit to the Earl and Countess Brownlow at Belton Hall, Lincolnshire, and on the evening of Friday, the 17th, Lord Salisbury will address a mass meeting of 5000 persons at Grantham.

Mr. Parnell was on Tuesday entertained by the Nottingham Liberal Club, and had sufficiently recovered from his indisposition to address a large meeting. The Liverpool Reform Club also made great preparations to welcome the Home Rule chief.

News has reached the ex-Empress of Brazil of the theft of her jewels at Rio. This is said to be a serious loss, as Dom Pedro was relying upon the sale of these for his immediate wants.

The King of Spain, aged three, has stood godfather (by proxy) to the son of the Comte de Morella.

Despatches received at Queenstown from Yokohama viâ San Francisco state that a terrible boiler explosion occurred on Oct. 30 on board the Japanese passenger steamer Sekirio, trading between Foochow and Sharppeake. Out of ninety-seven passengers about seventy-five lost their lives, being either scalded to death or drowned. Four of the crew were killed, and twelve passengers and two members of the crew sustained shocking injuries.

A girl named Robinson, whose leg was cut off in the Armagh railway accident, has received £1000 compensation from the Great Northern of Ireland Railway Company.

A warning to British managers! Ten persons were crushed to death in a panic which took place in the theatre at Johnstown, in Pennsylvania, the other night, owing to an alarm of fire. Five others subsequently died, and eighty persons are suffering from injuries. The firemen had to turn the hose upon the crowd outside to prevent them from entering the building.

An extraordinary affair is reported from Upham, Hants. Last week the Rev. W. Wyke Bayliss, the vicar, took part in a village concert there, and, after giving a reading, fell forward and was pronounced dead. Canon Lee, of Botley, went to bury his friend, but on looking at the body expressed the opinion that the Vicar was not dead, and refused to conduct the funeral. Two doctors were then called in, who found the reverend gentleman's heart beating! But he expired shortly after.

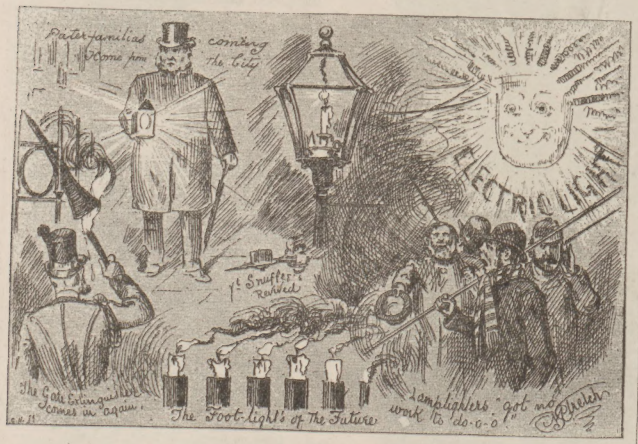
By a majority of four to one the ratepayers of Whitechapel have decided in favour of the adoption of the Free Libraries Act. Sensible Whitechapel!

Nine persons were drowned in the fog of Friday week, six in the east of London and three in the North Staffordshire Canal, near Hanley.

An influenza epidemic is spreading all over the Continent, and is very rife in Paris. Among its victims is the Marquis de Caux, Madame Patti's first husband, who died on Sunday.

The Manchester gas strike has collapsed.

The South London gas strike is not at present having much effect upon the supply of gas in the district. But the strikers are anticipating that the new men will soon weary of their unusual and arduous occupation.



SOME PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE GAS STRIKE.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP. A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

On Sunday afternoon, at St. Mark's Church, Pennington, near Lymington, during the reading of the Psalms, an old man in the congregation was noticed to totter and fall. He was at once carried to the church porch, but was found to be quite dead.

At the Tabernacle Baptist Chapel, Cardiff, on the same day, while the first hymn was being sung, an old and respected member of the congregation fell forward and was carried out of his pew dead. If these events had happened in theatres, what would a few intolerant persons have said!

Seven men were painting the roof of the L. and N.W. Railway Goods Station at Liverpool on Friday last. The scaffold gave way, and all of them fell seventy feet, and were severely injured.

The Mississippi Court has sentenced the pugilist Kilrain to two months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 200 dols. on account of his encounter with Sullivan in July last. The jury, singularly enough, convicted him of assault and battery, although he was completely vanquished by his opponent in the fight.

At the Central Criminal Court, on Monday, the grand jury found a true bill against Mr. Ernest Parke in respect of the charge of libel preferred by Lord Euston.

The Chicago jury in the Cronin case found a verdict on the 16th, after an absence from the court since the previous Friday. Coughlin, O'Sullivan, and Burke have been found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Kunze was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and Beggs was acquitted.

The Cunard steamer Etruria, which has arrived from New York, brings intelligence that a white-painted raft, consisting of two cylinders, with a platform between them, on which were lashed the dead bodies of fifteen men, was passed on the 4th inst. east of the Delaware Cape by the barque Christian Schriver, and almost immediately afterwards an immense quantity of wreckage was also passed, among which was the floating corpse of a woman lashed to a life-buoy. The wreckage appeared to be that of a steamer.

Destruction of Holly.—"I sincerely wish" (writes "Miranda" in the *Lady's Pictorial*) "that some of those whose duty and pleasure it is to decorate our churches for Christmas would set the fashion of using artificial holly, laurustinus, &c., in conjunction with the real article, which is likely to become scarce, if not absolutely extinct, from the cruel destruction it annually undergoes."

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide. 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Regd.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

LENDING MONEY (*Continued*).

LOANS of money, like all other contracts, are subject to what are called the

Statutes of Limitation.

If a person seeks to recover a debt, the claim can be successfully defeated in law (but not always in honour) if the debtor can show that the money became due to the creditor more than six years ago, and that meanwhile there has not within six years been a payment on account of principal or interest, or a written acknowledgment of the debt. If a promissory note be given, however, and it is only payable on demand, or after a certain date arrives, of course the six years do not begin to run until the demand, or until the date when the note is due. There is

No Legal Limit to the Rate of Interest

that may be agreed upon on a loan of money. England, in common with the rest of Europe, had for many years what are called "Usury laws," which limited the rate of interest. These laws were often avoided, and the chief result of them was that the debtors had to pay more for their accommodation because of the risk that the creditors ran. Jeremy Bentham exposed the fallacy of the usury laws at the beginning of the present century, and all these old laws were swept away by an Act of Parliament in 1854. But if the creditor who does not scruple to take cent per cent comes before a public tribunal, he still, happily, finds himself opposed to a strong public sentiment. He will have to prove his case "up to the hilt," and he will then perhaps find that the Judge will order him to receive payment by instalments that will take many years, and upon which he may get no interest whatever. There is no general implied contract to pay interest. It must be expressly agreed, excepting where the usage of trade requires it (as in the case of overdue bills of exchange), or where the parties have commonly paid interest in their previous transactions. In any case, moreover, where a creditor sues for a debt of precise or fixed amount, the jury may award interest if the defendant had agreed to pay the debt at a certain date, or the creditor had given the debtor notice that interest would be claimed from a certain date.

Loans of money are sometimes secured by bills of sale and mortgage, but these are, of course, subject to statutes and rules of law which we must explain hereafter.

Loans up to £50 may be recovered by County Court summons. Where a debtor does not pay, and he has no goods, or execution levied upon his goods fails to produce the amount, the creditor may issue what is called a judgment summons. Upon the hearing the creditor must prove that the debtor has, or has had since the date of the judgment, means to pay, and the Judge can then make an order committing the debtor to prison, unless he pays by a date, or by instalments, to be fixed by the Judge.

ANSWERS.

A. C. B.—Three miles is considered the limit within which a parent can be compelled to send his child to school. No doubt this is excessive and absurd, especially in the case of young children.

ANXIOUS wishes to know how he can turn over his household goods to his son, in case "Anxious" cannot meet the demands of a creditor, and whether, if the son becomes tenant, that would save the goods. Such an arrangement as "Anxious" suggests would be a fraud upon creditors. If the bailiff seizes the goods the son had better buy them. The only way they can be safely transferred to the son is by a bona-fide sale under a registered bill of sale.

A. C. (East Dereham).—The inquiry in this case is as to who is the guardian of children left without parents. Assuming the father and mother to have both died without appointment of guardians by will, the only remedy is to apply to the Chancery Division, or, in some cases, the County Court, to appoint a guardian. In this case, if the grandmother has means to support the children, and is in all other respects a suitable person, and if she be willing to undertake the charge, the Court would no doubt appoint her. But nothing is to be gained in making any such application if the children are already well cared for and have no property. If they have property a guardian should at once be appointed to control and protect it.

APPRENTICE.—There is no definite rule to be laid down as to how many hours a master can compel an apprentice to work, and what holidays he is entitled to. This must depend partly upon the terms of the apprenticeship indenture, and partly upon the custom of the trade, and, so far as neither custom nor indenture deals with the matter, it is regulated by what is reasonable. The apprentice must do his duty, and wait for the magistrate's decision upon any particular dispute which may arise between the master and the apprentice. The apprentice must work for *reasonable* hours, and must have *reasonable* leisure; and, if the parties cannot agree as to what this means, the magistrates will have to decide the point for them. The apprentice can refuse to work for excessive hours.

S. W. R. T.—If a man dies intestate, and his wife holds a promissory note for money she has lent to her husband out of her separate estate, the wife can require the administrator to pay. If there be no administrator the wife herself can obtain administration, and retain the money out of the estate that passes through her hands. The real property in the case you mention would not pass by the sister for the benefit of her son. There is no distinction between next-of-kin being brothers and sisters of the whole and half blood in the case of personal estate. LEX.

FALLING BACK ON THE BABY.

"STANLEY reached Zanzibar viâ M-P-W-A-P-W-A, wherever that is. How do you pronounce that word?"

"I don't know exactly; but if you 'll ask the baby to say 'Papa,' I think you 'll approximate the proper pronunciation."

POSSIBLY.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know if King Milan had to give up being a ruler because he wasn't quite straight.

THE RACING WORLD

As I predicted, Messrs. Tattersall had a big sale at Newmarket. The house of Tattersall and Messrs. Weatherby have been so long connected with the turf that the two firms are by many considered part and parcel of the Jockey Club establishment. It is no sort of good trying to persuade some people that the State is not responsible for the Bank of England. Messrs. Weatherby, as the leading turf bankers and agents, occupy to a great extent the same relations to the Jockey Club as the old lady of Threadneedle-street does to the national establishment. The connection is perhaps closer, and most decidedly more profitable on the turnover.

A Big Fortune

in the aggregate has been left in Messrs. Weatherby's hands by sportsmen who have forgotten to claim stakes due to them, or not drawn balances when they severed connection with the turf. In its way, the unclaimed list bears proportion to the big schedule of the Bank of England. The Burlington-street partners do not advertise the names of the people who, or whose next-of-kin, have not drawn balances; but they do annually publish names of all who have not made good stakes or forfeits. There are two rather curious features—one of them painful, disgraceful, and, I may perhaps add, ungentlemanly—about the racing black list of defaulters. If an owner of racehorses who has a *nom de course* make default, he is

Doubly Proclaimed,

because his own name and also that assumed—a luxury which costs £25 per annum registration fee—are given. This is one reason why the forfeit lists look so serious sometimes: many of the items are duplicated. So small is the proportion of profits to stakes that it is merely nominal, even if Messrs. Weatherby swell the schedule by

Advertising Dead Men's Debts

years after they have paid the great debt of nature. This is wrong all round, and indefensible, even from the most sordid point of view, unless you admit that casting this posthumous slur may establish leverage to extort payment from heirs, executors, assigns, or members of a family who do not inherit. Such connections may cash up rather than allow the name to be repeatedly gabbled. At the same time, it must be said that if they are in this way made liable for liabilities, no such liability is admitted to them. They cannot claim outstanding debts of honour, for death wipes out all such engagements. I could make quite an interesting collection of sporting historiettes bringing in the paying up after many years of debts of honour incurred in racing and other gambling debts, apparently not worth a farthing in the pound.

I do not like to give the name of a professional betting man who sent from Australia some thousands of pounds to square up old accounts, which were outside the statute of limitations for commercial liabilities, a debt forgotten by nearly all of his debtors. He went to the bad financially, and went to Australia, a somewhat conventional double event, and had passed out of mind, when one day a banker's order and a list of

ATHLETES FIND INVALUABLE
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
MOTHERS FIND INVALUABLE
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
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ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ALL MEN FIND INVALUABLE
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S FOR RHEUMATISM.
ELLIMAN'S FOR LUMBAGO, SPRAINS.
ELLIMAN'S FOR CUTS, BRUISES, CHEST COLDS.
ELLIMAN'S FOR SORE THROAT FROM COLD.
ELLIMAN'S FOR STIFFNESS FROM OVER-EXERTION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.

all his debtors arrived at a club to which he formerly belonged, and all old scores were wiped out. It was

Simply Staggering

to be told, as I was some time after this, that the erewhile defaulter, who had been in luck at the Antipodes, had not been so very lucky, had scraped and saved to get together what he owed, and left himself with very little capital to go on with. As contrast to this true yarn I could give a full, true, and particular account of a dashing captain who was "out" for five years, gone no one knew where. Almost simultaneously with the announcement of the death of a personage very like him in name, the warrior turned up, apparently all over money. He showed in the rings, was delighted to satisfy all claimants, came into credit again, had three big winning weeks. Naturally his accounts were promptly settled for these amounts. The very first week that the "pay" side was bigger than the "receive" there was no account. He had made a shot at re-establishing his credit for the sake of going for the gloves.

Luck put £10,000 in his Pocket:

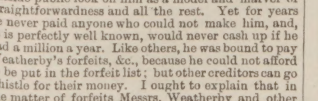
while it lasted he did not pay a sou of what he lost. Times change, and not for the better. An old rule on the turf was that a man of good family was almost sure to settle sooner or later if he was not naturally a thief or did not happen to die. Somehow, at one time or another, such sportsmen almost always came into money, and they paid up before it went again. Now the moral standard is lower. They come into the cash, but do not part.

Never was the Turf's Estate so Rotten

in this respect as at present. The name of a so-called aristocratic sportsman—a big man at Newmarket—is very frequently indeed quoted. The outside public look on him as a model and marvel of straightforwardness and all the rest. Yet for years he never paid anyone who could not make him, and, as is perfectly well known, would never cash up if he had a million a year. Like others, he was bound to pay Weatherby's forfeits, &c., because he could not afford to be put in the forfeit list; but other creditors can go whistle for their money. I ought to explain that in the matter of forfeits Messrs. Weatherby and other firms are only trustees for the winners of races. If you see in the list Mr. Jaesmith £25, 1860, and are told that this was a forfeit due in Thormanby's Derby, it does not all at once strike you that the late Mr. James Merry never was paid the full amount of Thormanby's Derby stake, which was short by this amount. If the stakeholders receive what they collect it is handed over: what is not forthcoming is owed to the owner of the winner of the race. This practice does not hold good with regard to the new big plates, in which a stated sum is guaranteed by race-course proprietors. Then the company take their chance of being called upon for little or much, and stand all responsibility. I was sorry to see that the full complement needed for Leicester's recent invention, a handicap to be made two years after entry, was not quite up to the mark. Still, as a race worth £6000, it will probably be a great success.

"Jacko is on the Worry"

was the comment I heard one of Lord Durham's friends say to another apropos of the Gimcrack Club speech, a subject on which many people hold many views. Only one opinion has been expressed concerning the mishap to poor Coronel at Sandown Park. Everyone is sorry for Mr. Gardiner-Muir, the owner, and more sorry still for the poor hunter himself. It was pitiable to see the suffering beast. The amateur who rode him on the fatal day and the professional who has steered him frequently were so nearly crying that you could not tell where the bad cold left off and genuine tearfulness began.



The German Gymnastic Society

is a body well entitled to commendation. As its title implies, it is an implanting upon English soil of the German system of gymnastic exercise. The plant, from the first, has been a healthy one, and for years the English has vastly outnumbered the German element, showing that what our youth chiefly wanted was the force of example. To many, especially in the winter, the clubhouse in Pancras-road, N.W., formed a very acceptable trysting-place, dinner being served in the German style; while the musical and artistic accomplishments of the Teuton do much to create liveliness and amusement.

The soul of the German Gymnastic School is evolutions in classes, excellence being arrived at by

Gradual Steps,

the body being slowly trained for the performance of the greater effort. Hundreds and hundreds of desk-bound clerks owe their constitutions to the beneficial effects of the intelligent curriculum in vogue at the G.G.S., while the movement has spread, and we find former teachers at the institution conducting large establishments of their own.

It has always been the custom to hold an annual exhibition, originally called

The Display,

at which the prowess of the members has been shown. This, like everything else, has grown more and more, until now we find four evenings instead of one devoted to the proceedings, boxing, never more popular than now, taking up two of them, and fencing, an art more practised than many think, being given a third. The other is known as the

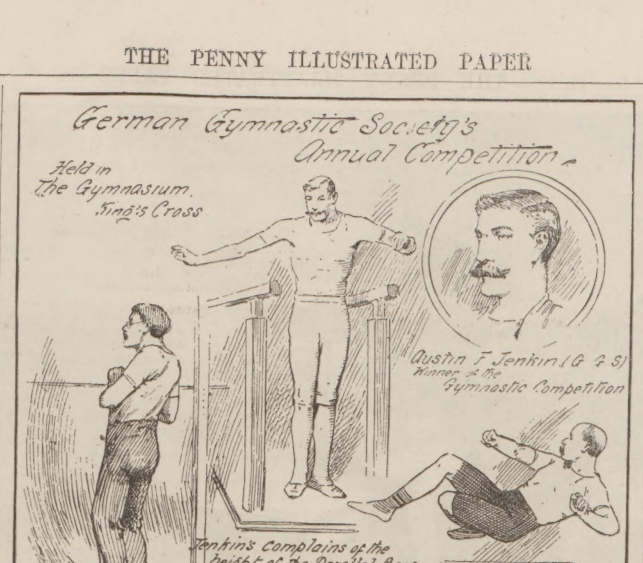
Ladies' Night,

when there are varied competitions, consisting of gymnastics, high and long jumping and wrestling, all of which are more to the liking of ladies than boxing, which is too violent for them, and fencing, which they may be excused for not comprehending.

The ladies' night was on Thursday, the 12th inst., and much interest was infused by the presence of a competitor from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, B. Gräser, who was eighth in the Great Championship competition of Germany. He competed in the standing high jump, which he won at 4 ft. 5 in.; in the running high and the long jump, in neither of which was he placed; in the gymnastic competition, in which he came out second; and in the wrestling, where he was beaten for the middle weights, but was still standing in the heavies, which were postponed.

There was a very full house, many ladies taking advantage of the privilege of attendance accorded them, and the overthrow of the redoubtable German was naturally the cause of much congratulation.

Rugby footballers have had a very poor time during the past fortnight. The Irish teams visiting



the South of England have been badly treated by the frost, and on Saturday

King Fog

asserted himself. In the Midlands the fog was quite dense, and very little football of any kind took place in that part of England. Fortunately the atmosphere was just clear enough in London to enable the very important match

Oxford v. Cambridge

to be decided at the headquarters of University contests, the Queen's Club, where some 5000 spectators assembled in anticipation of a very close match. Last year nothing like this number was present. Cambridge then won easily, but on the present occasion that result was completely reversed. Cambridge relied much upon the excellence of her half-backs, but somehow these did not "come off," while Oxford possesses a splendid lot of forwards, adepts in the deadly art of dribbling. These were constantly taking the ball into Cambridge quarters, and on two occasions it was got over the line, the first try being converted into a goal in a very masterly manner. Cambridge had one very narrow shave of scoring, Illingworth getting close to the Oxford line before he was collared. He managed to pass the ball, which pass was, however, not taken, and the ball was immediately kicked out of danger. Oxford won by their goal and a try to nothing. This victory places Oxford one win ahead, they having won seven of the seventeen matches played, to Cambridge's six, the remaining four being drawn games.

Among the League matches, the most important that could not be played was that between Aston Villa and the Blackburn Rovers. The postponed matches in this contest will not be abandoned, it being a rule with the League that every match must be played or forfeited. Preston North End and Accrington played a drawn match, but, as darkness prevented this being finished, it also will probably have to be decided later on.

The only League match that was decided was that between Notts and the Wolverhampton Wanderers, the Wanderers winning by two goals to none. The occasion was selected for a

Disgraceful Demonstration

on the part of the "Nottingham Lambs," who assaulted the winners and the referee; the latter having, in the exercise of his duty, disallowed a goal for Notts, and allowed one for the Wanderers which Notts disputed. This disgraceful conduct of a partisan crowd is one of the bad features connected with games in the provinces. In too many places an idea seems to be prevalent that the local team cannot be defeated except by foul means, and disaster is resented after the manner of the brute creation.

The remarks I made some little time ago about the inadvisability of allowing boys to run long distances have been fully corroborated by the action of the Scottish Amateur Athletic Association, when drawing up a draft of rules for the resuscitation of

Inter-Scholastic Games.

In the contests for all ages there is no race over a quarter of a mile, while 300 yards is the farthest which boys under thirteen are asked to run. All weight contests are eliminated, running and leaping alone being catered for. If the programme of this contest be taken as a standard one, and so become general in Scotland, then so much the better for the Scottish schoolboy.

For the second race for the Junior Clubs Challenge Cup, held by the Spartan Harriers, the winners of the first contest, the Cavendish Harriers, did not put in an appearance on Saturday, and the

Southwark Harriers,

showing unexpectedly good form, won rather easily, and established themselves thereby strong favourites for the Junior Cross-Country Championship, though five miles on a path is not quite the same thing as about double the distance over rough fields and jumps.

I was both surprised and delighted to see one of the absolutely oldest of our cross-country runners,

P. H. Stenning,

winning the long-distance (eight miles) challenge cup of the Thames Hare and Hounds. It is really wonderful how men of a certain physique never seem to be past their running days. I allude to the wiry physique, which wants but little training and never seems to wear out. Most men are quite right in giving up exercises which demand strict training as soon as they assume the serious duties of life; but a few appear to be able to go on with impunity. A man has to run very fast to win a professional

Sheffield Handicap,

and yet one was won a few years ago by a runner who was forty-seven years of age! Mr. Stenning was for many years honorary secretary of the Thames H. and H., which, the reader may know, was the actual first of the cross-country clubs. His time on the occasion was 49 min. 40 sec., which is not despicable for anyone over eight miles of varied country, very little of which is on level road.—BANSHEE.

A WISE INFANT.

"By-o-my baby—by-o-my"——

"Look here, mother," said the baby, "don't sing to me. That keeps me awake. Read the editorial page of the *Times* to me if you really want me to go to sleep."

THE RULING PASSION.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"Into society, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"If you 've plenty of money, good sir," she said.
"I haven't a penny, my pretty maid."

* * * * *

"I wish you good morning, sir!" she said.

A Letter-carrier was gagged and robbed in Hatton-garden last Tuesday morning.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

CAMPBELL'S PATENT MELODEONS
MAKE
THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
AND
NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE
MAKES CHEERFUL
HAPPY HOMES.

The most Popular Musical Instrument of the Day is
A MELODEON.

The long evenings will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. CAMPBELL'S world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves, and the charming Bell accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. ANYONE CAN PLAY UPON THEM.
British Patent, No. 4492. German Patent, No. 24,110.
EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.
NO ONE DISSATISFIED.

THE "GEM" MELODEON
is a Marvel of Cheapness.
THE "MINIATURE" MELODEON
is Selling in Thousands.
THE "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.

No Home should be Without One.
Do you wish to enjoy your Long Evenings at Home? Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to make your Family Circle Happy? Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to form a Concert or Dancing Party? Then procure one of

CAMPBELL'S PATENT BROAD REED Xmas] MELODEONS. [Presents.

NEW MODELS FOR SEASON 1889-90.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d. 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

Xmas] NEW GRAND MODELS. [Presents.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON.
10s. 10s.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 10s. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

Xmas] NEW GRAND MODELS. [Presents.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
16s. 6d. 16s. 6d.
"By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent," with Patent Visible Double Valves, two Stops, Organ and Celestial Tone, and charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 16s. 6d. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

Xmas] NO DECEPTION HERE. [Presents.

The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—
"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.

Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves." Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the only genuine Melodeons in the market. Beware of worthless imitations.

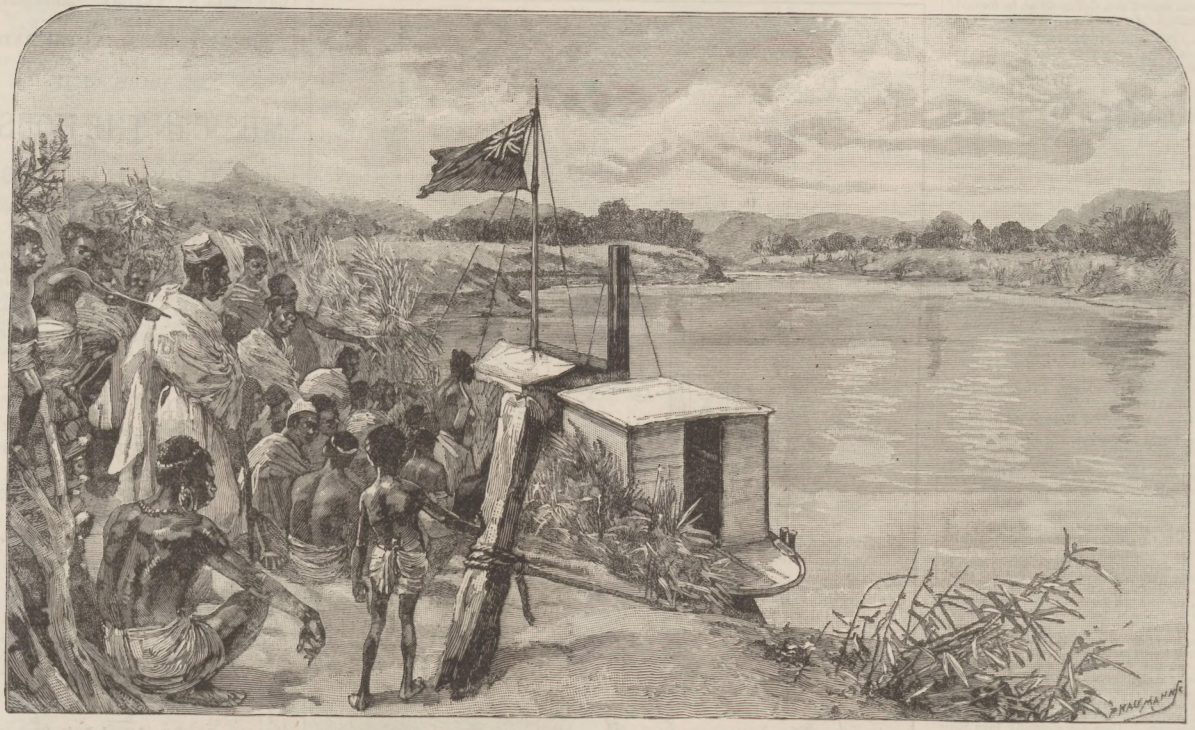
"149, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, London, N., 1889.
"Sir,—I received the 'Gem' Melodeon this morning, Wednesday, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, G. ATTRIDGE."

"1, Station Head, Lochgelly, Fifeshire, Nov. 30, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co.
"Gentlemen,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the 'Miniature' Melodeon, which I received all right, and I can assure you it is fully up to my expectations—a splendid little instrument at the price; and I shall be happy to recommend your firm to any of my friends or acquaintances. With thanks for your prompt attention,
"Yours truly, THOMAS KING."

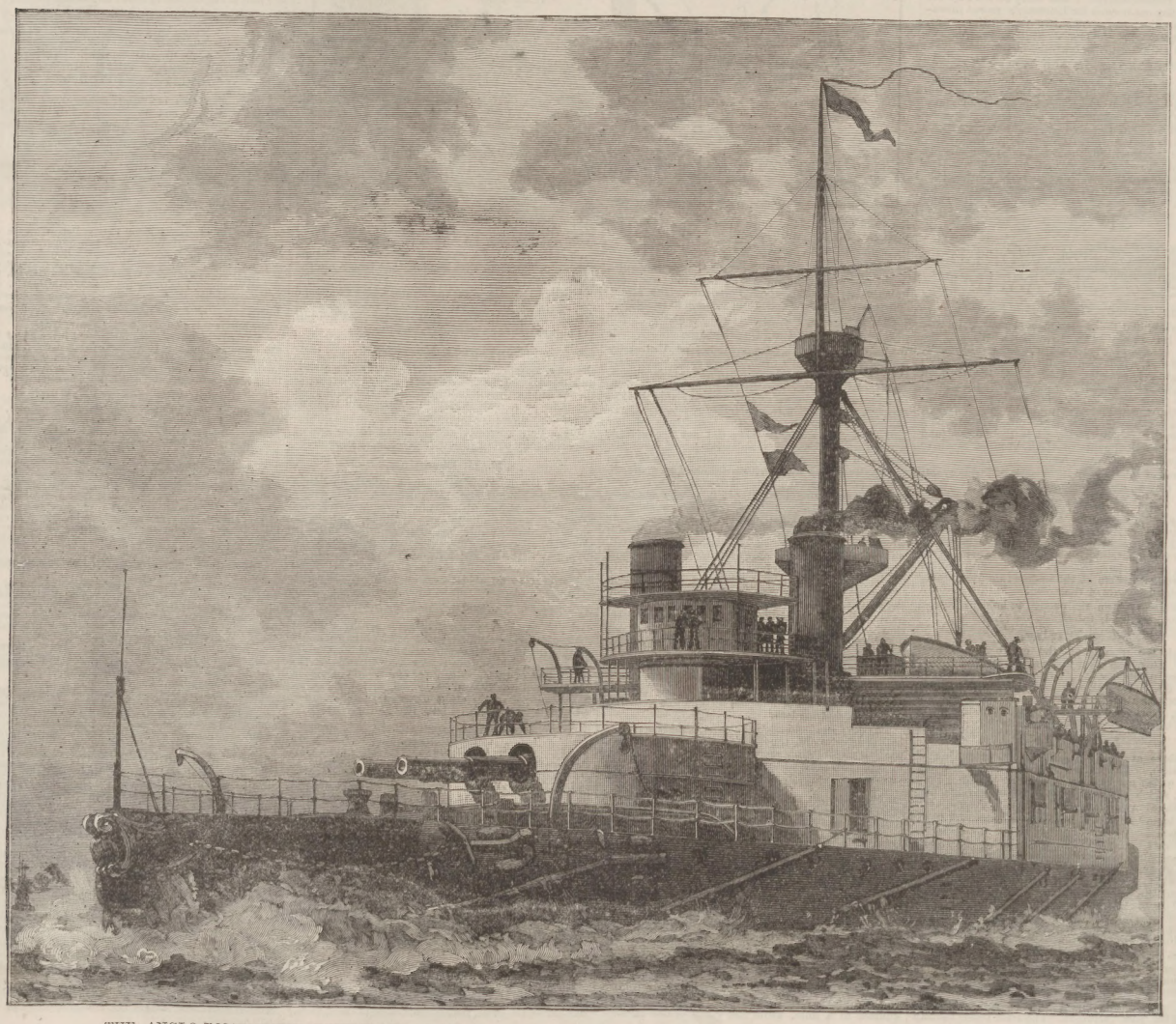
"Camphill House, Antrim-road, Ballymena,
"Nov. 28, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co.
"Gentlemen,—I have received the 'Favourite' Melodeon all right. I am highly pleased with it, and so are all who have seen it and heard its beautiful tone. It gives entire satisfaction, and does not, like some instruments, lose its charm after a few days' or weeks' practice, but seems, instead of losing in any respect, to have gained in that which is always to be admired—viz. tone. I can confidently recommend it to any person requiring a charming instrument, and also as one worth double the money. Please receive my thanks for your prompt attention to my order. Wishing you every success in your musical trade,
"I remain, yours truly, THOMAS ALLEN."

A MOST ASTOUNDING FACT.
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of our Patent Broad Reed Melodeons HAVE BEEN SOLD; and we have received the unprecedented number of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS and PRESS NOTICES from all parts of the World.

N.B.—Before purchasing a Musical Instrument of any other description, send for our NEW PRIVILEGE PRICE-LIST for Season 1889-90, now ready, entitling the holder to have any instruments mentioned in the List sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, at the very low price quoted for each article. This valuable List contains numerous Illustrations of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, sent on receipt of one penny stamp to CAMPBELL and CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, Glasgow.



ANGLO-PORTUGUESE DIFFICULTY IN EAST AFRICA: HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG ON THE RUO.



THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE DIFFICULTY.—HOW TO BRING LISBON TO REASON: BY THE PRESENCE OF H.M.S. VICTORIA.

ANGLO-PORTUGUESE DIFFICULTY IN AFRICA.

THERE has been so much shilly-shallying on the part of successive British Governments in dealing with matters in Eastern and South-East Africa that the Marquis of Salisbury has, no doubt, felt it incumbent upon him, as head of the present Ministry, to bring Portugal promptly and vigorously to book on account of the marauding outrages of Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese "Jingo" explorer. The insult to the British flag cannot be brooked. In a land where inexplicable supineness on a former memorable occasion cast discredit upon the courage of an English Ministry, and thereby reflected on the native pluck of Englishmen, it is of the utmost importance that such an unwarrantable and truculent action as it seems only too clear the Portuguese captain has been guilty of should be at once resented energetically by our Premier and Foreign Secretary. Presuming Right to be on our side, Lord Salisbury will doubtless, however, be equal to the occasion.

British Flag on the Ruo.

We hark back a little in order to explain clearly the position of affairs in the part of Africa to which the attention of all Englishmen is now directed. As we understand, British naval officers, acting on the instructions of the Home Government, have this year taken effective measures to secure the command of an entrance from the Zambesi River to the Shiré, up which lies the route of inland communication with Lake Nyassa. Now for the scene of our Illustration. On Aug. 12 last, Mr. Johnston, British Consul at Mozambique, went up the Shiré in a steam-boat belonging to the African Lakes Company, and performed the significant act, doubtless with full authority, of hoisting the British flag at the Ruo station, thenceforth marking the limit of Portuguese authority. The Ruo is a smaller river flowing into the Shiré, and here is a station to supply fuel to the steamers going up to the landing-place for Blantyre, the English missionary station on Lake Nyassa. In our Drawing, the Shiré hills are represented in the distance, and Chiperame to the extreme right. On this occasion Mr. Johnston, in his voyage up the river, passed a Portuguese force, composed of 200 or 300 Zulus, under the command of this same Serpa Pinto who has caused the present trouble.

Major Serpa Pinto's Expedition.

Let a Correspondent of the *Times* now briefly tell the history of the Portuguese invasion of Nyassaland:—

"Communications from Quilimane in October last informed us that Major Serpa Pinto had gathered some 2000 men, Zulus and others, armed them with Chassepots and Martinis, and taken them up the Shiré to join another force which he had waiting on the south side of the Ruo, the limit of Portuguese dominion recognised by England. He had, moreover, a stern-wheel steamer, built by Yarrow, armour-plated, and armed with Hotchkiss guns. It was hoped that, after the warning which Mr. Johnston gave him, Major Pinto would not proceed to extremities. Mr. Johnston told him that to attack the Makololo was to make war upon England. Major Pinto has evidently been fired by evil example. It is difficult to believe, indeed, that the Portuguese Government has rashly broken a friendship that has existed almost unbroken since the time of John of Gaunt, or that it has deliberately stultified the sentiments and the action of its representatives at the Brussels Anti-Slavery Congress. The incident is serious. One can only hope that Portugal will repudiate and apologise for the inhuman and utterly uncalled-for act of its officious subject, anxious to retrieve, by any means, past failures. The so-called explanation that comes from Lisbon, that the Zanzibar telegram is simply another version of the telegram stated that Major Pinto had attacked the Makololo and killed seventy of them because they objected to his surveying for a railway through that territory, which by that time had the British flag waving over it. Unless some other explanation is forthcoming, Major Pinto is inexcusable. He was doubtless chafing under the consciousness that the prompt and energetic Consul had stolen a march upon him, and wreaked his reckless revenge upon the poor Makololo."

The presence of a

British Ironclad

or two in the vicinity of Lisbon would probably quickly bring the Portuguese Government to reason. We depict one of our most recently built Men-of-War, for the enlightenment of the King of Portugal and his Cabinet. Her Majesty's Ship Victoria, drawn by Mr. J. R. Wells in his best style, is a first-class battle-ship. She was built for the Government at the famous Elswick Armstrong Works on the river Tyne, and she is the most powerfully equipped British War-ship afloat. With a length of 340 ft., 70 ft. beam, 10,500 tons displacement, and engines of 12,000-horse power indicated, the Victoria is a model of a fighting ship. She has two enormous guns of 110 tons each, placed in a turret for'ard; one 11-inch gun of 30 tons, aft; twelve 6-inch 5-ton broadside guns on the spar-deck; and 9 three-pounder rapid-firing guns on the decks and mast-heads. In addition, she carries half a dozen Nordenfeldts, and is fitted with torpedoes and torpedo-nets. The formidable Victoria is commanded from an armoured conning-tower placed above the level of the steel-clad turret; and there is electric communication between the Captain and his officers and engineers, while electricity also furnishes the illumination of this strong ship of war.

I UNDERSTAND that among

Scottish Members

of the Cyclists' Touring Club some objections have been raised to the new Board of Control, which is to consist of six members resident in or near London. It is feared that this really means the establishment of a London Executive. And so it does. But why Scotch or, for that matter, Irish or foreign members should object to it on this account, I do not understand. An international, as well as a local, club must have its headquarters somewhere. Those of the C.T.C. have long been established in London. Its government nominally rests with the Council, and the meetings of that body are held in various parts of the United Kingdom, in order to give all representative councillors a chance to attend them. The arrangement is, theoretically, an excellent one, but it does not always work, as late affairs of the club have proved. For all practical purposes there has been an Executive in London, and that Executive has hitherto consisted of one man. It seems to me infinitely better that it should consist of six. If there is to be a Board of Control, it must be made up of Londoners, so long as the office and the secretary and editor of the *Gazette* they are supposed to control are in London. If the headquarters of the club were removed to Edinburgh or Dublin, then would the board, to be of genuine use, have to consist of Edinburgh or Dublin men. This is quite plain.

The Ride to Hatfield.

I have been reading "Duffersville." There is a great deal in it to interest cyclists who care, above all things, for racing, either on the road or on the path, or who are unfailing in attending cyclists' dances in winter and cyclists' camps in summer. It is not difficult to recognise the real Duffersville on the Great North Road, which one reaches after passing through Barnet and Hadley and Hatfield.

I do not believe in criticising a book because you do not find in it exactly what you would most like to have. But, after all, one has one's own tastes and preferences. I don't care a bit for racing on the road, but I do care very much for what I see from it. Faed and Nym linger where I should gladly leave them altogether, and hurry onward where I should like to linger. If you read the first chapter, you will understand what I mean. "Hasting away" is its burden. There is pleasure in riding fast, I know, but there is pleasure, too, in slowing up a little as you pass through picturesque Barnet, as you wheel through "merry" Hadley, or as you look over to Hadley Woods, so "gay and green." And I protest against wheeling "through sleepy Hatfield like a flash."

There are long stretches of the North Road which are about as uninteresting as anything in England, but then, again, it passes by places as beautiful and interesting as any to be seen in the whole breadth and length of a country which simply overflows with beauty and interest: Huntingdon, on the sluggish Ouse, where Oliver Cromwell lived; Stilton, with its quaint old, gabled inn, the sign of the Bell hanging from it by a wonderful piece of wrought ironwork; Norman Cross, where who can forget that most delightful of landladies? to whom, by the way, Faed, in one chapter, does ample justice; and Burleigh House, by Stamford Town. But there is no use in going through the list. All I want to point out is that, lovely as these places are, none is lovelier than Hatfield, and that is why I protest against that lightning-like passage through it.

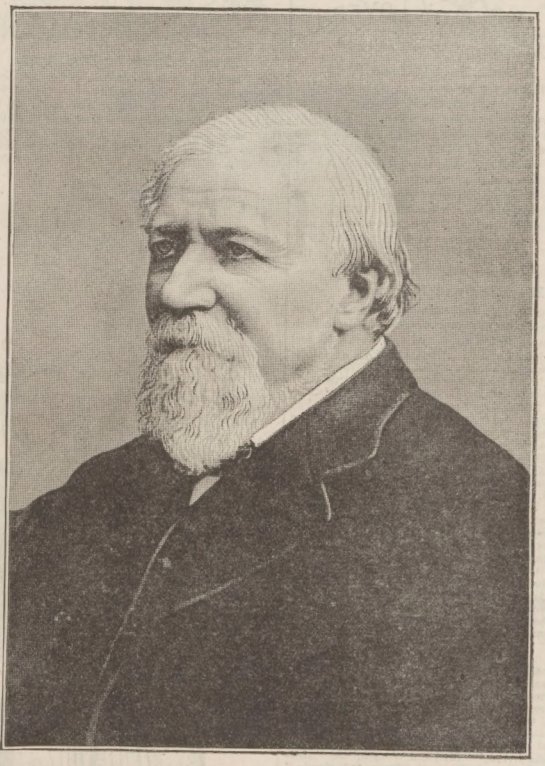
Hatfield House is one of the finest mansions in England, and in writing of the North Road I cannot resist giving a photograph of it, to remind cyclists that racing or speed is not the sole end and aim of riding.

But, now that I have expressed my preferences, it is only fair to say that there is a chapter on "What I saw of the Roveries" for those who delight in the breaking of records; another on "Camping out at Harrogate," for all who have lived under canvas either at the northern or the southern camp; on "Timing a Record," to appeal to the road-racer; and very sensible advice for the pace-maker.

But what pleases me most is to find Faed has come round to my way of thinking, and declares "a woman's place on wheels is on the front seat of a tandem; and the rear rider must have provision to steer and apply the brake." Unless I am much mistaken, there was a time when he was of a different mind, and advocated, by very practical means, giving the rear seat to women riders. That her place is in front, as he now teaches, is at the present time very generally admitted.

Meetings of the Club House Committee are still the order of the day, and before long we may look for practical and substantial results from them.

N.C.U.



THE LATE ROBERT BROWNING.

From the lifelike Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker-street, W.

HATFIELD HOUSE, LORD SALISBURY'S COUNTRY SEAT.—SEE "CYCLE AND CAMERA."

From the well-known series of Photographs by Messrs. G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.

Emin Pasha is rapidly recovering from his accident.

Musicians will find much to interest them in the Christmas Illustrated Price List of Messrs. Campbell and Co., the musical instrument makers, of 116, Trongate, Glasgow.

State Socialism is progressing in Germany. The managers of the Government mines in the Saar District have been instructed to re-engage the men who were dismissed in consequence of the strikes in May. The Emperor is expected shortly to issue a decree limiting the length of the working day in those mines to nine hours. A general strike is thus thought to have been averted.

Book Lovers' Gossip

A Great Poet is Dead.

Within the past year or two I have seen Mr. Browning a great many times, but the occasion which most forcibly comes to my memory at this moment is that on which he stood by the open grave of Matthew Arnold in Laleham Churchyard. Afterwards he walked up and down the platform of Staines Station waiting for the train, and, looking at his hale and sturdy figure, I could not help thinking with thankfulness that he was likely for many, many years to outlive the younger poet whom we had just lost. But it was not to be, and he is now dead. If the truest friendship for which one can hope is the companionship of a superior mind,

Elevating and Purifying,

influencing to high and stimulating thought, then the hundreds of men and women who have been brought in contact with Browning's work will feel that they have lost a friend indeed. Love of animal life they will have learned from "Dog Tray," from "Donald," and from many another poem; true piety of mind, catholicity, and tolerance from "Christmas Eve and Easter Day"; art enthusiasm from "Fra Lippo Lippi" and "Andrea del Sarto"; and, above all, reverence for human goodness in whatever sphere in "Pippa Passes" and many another beautiful poem. But my editor tells me that space is limited, and I cannot write as I would about the twenty-four (or seventeen) volumes in which Mr. Browning's poems are enshrined. I can say no more about the moral aspect of his works, although it is for this that some of us love him most. As an artist he is uncertain—sometimes very great, sometimes on a somewhat prosaic level. There are several volumes which, while they contain good things, contain also much that is far from being good poetry, and which is only of moment to blind hero-worshippers. But the bulk of his work is good poetry, and, if it be possible, something more. It possesses a dramatic power and an insight the like of which pertains to no other poet of recent years. Tennyson, truer word-artist,

More Graceful Singer,

rarely reaches Browning's height of dramatic intensity, and never attains to his insight and power of discerning the human heart. Readers who have been deterred from studying Browning by the impression, too lightly gathered, that he is always obscure and difficult, would do well to read "The Ring and the Book," the seven early dramas, the "Dramatic Lyrics," "Men and Women," the "Dramatic Idylls," and the last volume, "Asolando." They will find themselves face to face with a revelation of literary force such as they have little dreamt of.

The Poet's Life (1812-1889).

The story of Browning's life is told in a few words. He was born at Camberwell in 1812, and educated at a private school at Peckham. Music, modelling, and University College lectures made up his early years, and in 1833 he came out as a poet with "Pauline." He married Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, in 1846, and lived with her in Italy till her death in 1861. He then returned to London with his one boy, now a successful painter, and since then has been much in society, in intervals of visits to Italy. His brave, hopeful way of looking at life—and after—is best expressed by the last lines of the volume of poems published on the day of his death. He was—

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be.
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight on, face ever
There as here!"

Tennyson's "Demeter."

One grand old poet is still left to us, and Lord Tennyson, although three years older than his friend Robert Browning, might be credited with marvellous intellectual activity were his new volume, "Demeter, and Other Poems" (Macmillan and Co.), a reflection of his latest inspiration. But I am inclined to think that its most important utterances were written a great many years ago. "Owd Roä" is one of those dialect poems in which the Laureate excels. It tells of a brave dog which saved a child from the flames of a burning house. Next, perhaps, in sustained interest is "The Ring," a weird, fascinating story. Some of the later poems, known but too well through the magazines, are not particularly attractive. "Vastness," "The Throstle," &c., would scarcely make the reputation of an average latter-day poet.

TATLER.

LATEST FROM AFRIÇA.

Her Royal Highness.—"I've been chasing a missionary for about s'teen miles! Did you see where he went, me lord?"

His Ditto Ditto.—"Yes, my dear. He just stepped inside."

A Fair, Beautiful Skin.—Sulpholine Soap gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[Advt.]

The World of Women.

Evening Dress for Christmas.

The Sketch I give this week, from the *Lady's Pictorial* of Dec. 14, is of an extremely pretty and simple evening gown, which will be found very suitable for the Christmas dances now beginning. It is made of pale-pink merveilleux, gracefully draped as shown in the Sketch, and tastefully arranged in front with wide panels of cream

A PRETTY CHRISTMAS PARTY DRESS.

guipure lace divided by bands of bronze-green velvet—ruby might also be chosen—reaching from waist to hem. On one side the draperies are caught together by a full rosette bow of satin to match the merveilleux or the velvet bands. The bodice and sleeves are very prettily cut, and are ornamented with lace and velvet to correspond with the trimming of the skirt. This pretty frock can be had at the establishment of Messrs. Force and Co., 164, Oxford-street.

I told you something the other day about an institution down at Chelsea (Cross Keys-yard, Laurence-street, Chelsea, is the full address) for little boys and girls who are either orphans and friendless, or else the children of busy people such as

Laundresses,

and I mentioned, I think, that two theatrical entertainments were to be given for its benefit on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, the 10th inst., at Chelsea Townhall. The kind lady who founded the institution was anxious to get a little fund collected in order to send the "nursery" children to lodgings in the country in the summer; and I am glad to say so many people who were interested in

"Johnnie's Day Nursery"

came to the Hall on Tuesday that a very handsome sum was realised. We had the pleasure of seeing the little boys and girls before the entertainment began, and very healthy and happy they looked. They all marched in procession twice round the hall singing "God Save the Queen." The little girls wore dark frocks and pinafores of bright-flowered stuff, which made them look quite gay and festive on the cold, dark, damp, wintry day. I think all

Charities

that have to do with children and old people are deserving of the fullest sympathy and support. It is only by getting hold of the children that we can hope to make the men and women of the future better and wiser than those of the present or of the past. By the way, I saw a great many very

Noble Women

under one roof a short time ago. Who were they, do you suppose? There were certainly over a thousand of them all together, and they were cotton or serge dresses, with white aprons and caps. Now I am sure you can guess who they were. They were the trained nurses who belong to the "British Nurses' Association," and they were kind enough to invite me to their

Annual Conversazione,

held at Princes' Hall, and the picture galleries above, on the 6th of this month. It was a very pleasant gathering. We had singing and recitations, and Mr. Corney Grain gave us selections from some of his amusing sketches. If any of the dear good nurses who were there are among the women of my world (every day shows me that it is not a

Small World,

by any means, and it will grow larger every day), I hope they enjoyed Corney Grain as much as I did. I have just been reading in a very interesting and instructive book, called "Suggestions to Mothers," a great many very true things about nurses of another kind—that is, the servants employed to look after our little folks in the nursery. I suppose it is almost impossible for those mothers who engage young or middle-aged women to act in the capacity of nurse or nursemaid to see that those who apply for the post are fit to

Have the Care of Children.

Just think for a moment of all the qualifications a really good nurse ought to possess. She should have "patience, kindness, gentleness, firmness, self-control, cheerfulness, and tact; and, above all, nice-mindedness, exact truthfulness, and a pleasant manner." A woman who is morbid or melancholy, or given to what I call

"Grizzling"

(I fear that word is not in the dictionary), ought never to have the care of children. They are such susceptible little mortals, they are so keenly alive to any capricious changes of manner, that a woman who is capricious or sullen ought never to rule in a nursery. It is quite true, as the writer of the book above mentioned remarks, that "people are often" (very often, I should say) "quite unaware of what really goes on in their nurseries: the unrestrained vulgarity of speech and manner; the tendency to deception; the want of proper guard over both speech and temper of the people placed with the

Little Ones.

They should never see untruthfulness, deceit, bad temper, or irreverence in those constantly in personal contact with them. Sense of right is formed in children by their outward impressions: it is never learned by rote." And how true this is! I quote again from the book, for when I find my ideas well expressed by someone else I do not see why the someone else should not have the credit of the expression.

"Children,"

says this sensible writer, "should always feel that, in their little childish griefs and troubles, they have someone kind and sympathetic, and who loves them, and takes an interest in them, to whom they can go sure of finding that comfort which springs from an interest in their welfare and happiness; and when they come for and need

Consolation

they should never be repulsed and sent away with harshness, coldness, or roughness." On page 13 of the book from which the above is taken there is one of the sweetest and most touching little poems I ever read of its kind. It is called "Tired Mothers." When her little boy was alive the mother used often to say to him she was

Too Tired

to play. When she lost him she said—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.

Very soon, perhaps next week, I mean to write about the way some children are taught to spend Sunday. I do not think it is now made a day of as great torment to children as it used to be; but

Old Prejudices

die hard, and I fear it is not as yet made, as it ought to be, the brightest and happiest day of the week to little boys and girls.

MARGUERITE.

The Rev. Edward Bradley, better known by his *nom de plume*, "Cuthbert Bede," author of "Verdant Green" and other works, died at his residence, near Grantham, on Dec. 12.

To Athletes.—Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[Advt.]

CONSTIPATION:
HOW IT MAY BE REMEDIED.
A FREE TEST.

Constipation may arise as a consequence of a sedentary occupation in life; from want of proper physical exercise out of working hours; as a consequence of the presence of some other disease; from inaction or sluggishness of the liver; or as the result of injudicious diet. Perhaps, however, the most frequent cause is the resistance offered to the calls of Nature from circumstances which prevent obedience at the proper time. The putting off until a mere convenient season of an absolutely necessary function usually results in the fact that when the convenient period has arrived the desire has passed away. So are the seeds of Constipation sown.

The Constipation being thus established, recourse is then too frequently had to harsh purgative pills, which, because of their obvious powerful action, defy any delay to a more convenient season. By such means as this, Constipation, that by proper treatment would be but temporary, becomes chronic, as a consequence of the reaction following the use of drastic pills. And the harm does not end here. Purgatives destroy the mucous coats of the stomach and bowels, and expose the tender surfaces beneath them to the consequent friction and irritation of harsh masses, by which ulceration, tumours, internal hemorrhages, and other evils are induced. Cancers and tumours in the stomach or bowels are often set up from no other cause than the foregoing.

Another great hurt caused is a congestion of impure venous blood, creating bleeding piles; or a decomposition of blood takes place, causing small tumours, exquisitely sensitive to pain, known as blind piles. These, moreover, are frequently accompanied, after what should properly be a natural and easy function, with an occasional decrepit sensation of weakness, which, while it lasts, is simply horrible from its deathly faintness.

As a remedy for Constipation we strongly recommend "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," which, while they do positive good, not too quickly nor violently in the manner desired, yet can do no hurt in other directions. When the Constipation is further intensified by the presence of hemorrhoids (piles), then it is impossible too highly to overrate the merits of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," for they relieve the congestion of the blood at the affected parts, and neutralise or dissolve the poisonous elements which have been formed, and, as a logical sequence, their use for Constipation never induces hemorrhoids.

In like manner they benefit the liver by purifying the blood and forcing out of the body through the skin impurities and decayed waste products, which would otherwise be thrown on to the liver, thus clogging it and rendering its action sluggish.

The beneficent efficacy of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" is thus not confined to their curative effect on Constipation alone, but extends much further. They may be defined as a gentle laxative, with undeniable purifying and curative properties on the blood and skin. Thus one function is not remedied at the expense of another, but rather the whole sytem is benefited, while the desired specific effect is attained. In smaller doses "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are as suitable and harmless for children as they are for adults of either sex, and children like them because of their pleasant taste and attractive appearance. They can do no harm to the weakest or most delicate constitutions. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are put up in packets price 1s. 1½d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.—Sole Proprietors, FRAZER and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, who will send

SAMPLES GRATIS AND POST-FREE

to those who, not having seen the Tablets, will write for them. Name the "Penny Illustrated Paper."—[Advt.]

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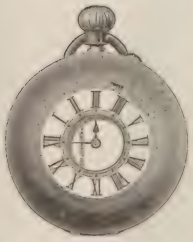

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The following important fact cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, E.B.P., of Bradford, has for some time past and is now giving the Hop prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a stamp for postage. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 10d. make a quart of this marvellous medicine, and for 1s. 6d. can make two quarts, sufficient to serve for two weeks. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success when all other remedies had absolutely failed. People who have been partly paralysed have been relieved or cured with this prescription; others have had their reason restored, others their sight; people who could not sleep have had their sleep restored, others who could not eat have had their appetite restored; people who had suffered for years with indigestion and its consequences have had their digestive powers restored; people who have suffered martyrdom with a disordered liver, nervous debility, &c., have been cured; people subject to an accumulation of wind and water have found it disappear under its influence. A gentleman at Lincoln subject to fits fortnightly has not had a fit from the first moment he began taking it. People troubled for years with constipation have had their bowels become regular under its influence. It is a choice, rare, remarkable remedy. The prescription is simple, it is cheap, it is good. Those who haven't sent for it should. It will be found safe, sure, and reliable in almost all ailments incident to the human frame. It is a tonic, alterative, and an aperient combined of marvellous curative properties. These important facts may seem incredible, but it has done far more than is here claimed for it, proof of which is sent with each Prescription. Thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path, and it is given absolutely free of charge to all applicants, rich or poor, who send a stamp for the postage of the same. A mode of self-treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well-regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible persons who desire to know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD, E.B.P., 479, Manchester-road, Bradford, Yorks. When writing name this paper.

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CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MANCHESTER.—II.

(By Our Own Social Traveller.)

LET me act as your guide again through Manchester. On the other side of Cross-street is the new and handsome office of the

"Manchester Guardian,"

perhaps the very best paper in England outside London. Its editor is Mr. Charles P. Scott, one of the first of English journalists, and one of the foremost of the younger men of Lancashire. Its special London Correspondence is recognised to be of the greatest interest. The *Guardian* is a Liberal organ. Near by is the office of the *Examiner*, a journal founded by Cobden and George Wilson to express the ideas of what was called the "Manchester school" in politics. It now belongs to Sir Joseph Lee, a Manchester magnate, and is Liberal Unionist. The *Courier* is the morning Conservative paper, well conducted by Colonel Sowler, and of considerable reputation as a commercial authority. Both the *Examiner* and *Courier* have also able London Correspondents.

A little farther on, on the same side of Cross-street, you pass a plain old-fashioned structure, set back from the street in a yard enclosed by railings. This is one of the old Unitarian chapels of Manchester, noted for many years as the scene of the ministrations of the

Rev. William Gaskell,

husband of the author of "Mary Barton" and the biographer of Charlotte Brontë. Plain outside, the chapel is rich and costly within, as being in keeping with the rich folk whose carriages you may see outside on Sunday mornings. A little farther on Cross-street crosses King-street, and at the corner on the left is a large classic building, modelled on the Erectheum at Athens, but, at present, in its sooty garb, looking very different from the famous Athenian pile. This building was formerly the townhall, and is now the

Central Public Free Library,

of which there are branches in several parts of the city. Its books are for reference only (the branch libraries being lending ones), and number over 70,000 volumes; its arrangements are excellent, its librarians courteous and expeditious. Thanks to the good sense of the Manchester Corporation, the library is open on Sundays at certain hours; and I could wish that an opponent of Sunday opening would go there and see how decorous the place is on Sunday afternoons, how studious the readers. Once, when there, I had the curiosity to observe what my next neighbour was reading, in order to satisfy myself that Sunday readers were bona fide students and not mere loafers; and I found that he was studying, with the aid of a lexicon, Alford's Greek Testament. Surely the most rigid Sabbatarian would find it hard to discover anything objectionable in that!

King-street

is short but wide, filled mostly with banks and insurance offices, at its head the handsome and prominent building of the Manchester Reform Club, whose dining-room is a particularly fine apartment. In Brown-street, at right angles both with King- and Market-streets, is the fine new Post Office—built not before it was needed, for the dismal old building, dark and small, was a disgrace to Manchester. The new one, spacious though it is, does no more than meet the postal requirements of this great centre of commerce. Observe it, and pass on to the right, and you will speedily come out in front of an enormous structure, which you will feel certain is an important building. You are right, for it is the

Manchester Townhall;

but you had better get your view of its exterior from Albert-square, into which you would have entered had you kept straight along Cross-street. Albert-square is the centre of things in Manchester. It is the Trafalgar-square, or—*longo intervallo*—the Place de la Concorde of Manchester. On three sides of it are warehouses, offices, and shops; on the fourth, the great façade of the Townhall. In the middle of the square is a marble statue of Prince Albert, under a Gothic stone canopy. When I first visited Manchester the Townhall was still in process of building, but in 1877 I had the advantage of being taken all over the large and splendid structure by the then Mayor of the city. Manchester is fortunate to have so admirable a Mayor and Mayoress in the present year of grace as Mr. Alderman John Mark and Mrs. Mark.

Manchester Men

are proud of the Townhall; and with reason, for it is one of the great municipal edifices of the world. While smaller than the gigantic City Hall at Philadelphia, and less gorgeous inside than the palatial Hôtel de Ville of Paris, it is a noble building, and well adapted to its needs. If you have an eye for architectural treatment, you will see at once that it is one of Mr. Waterhouse's structures. An idea of its size may be inferred from the fact that it covers 8000 square yards, and includes 250 rooms. Its interior plan is continuous lines of corridors, surrounding a central courtyard, and connected by bridges. The great hall is 100 ft. long and 50 ft. wide. It contains a magnificent organ, on which public recitals are periodically given by Mr. Pyne, the organist. On the panels of this noble room are mural paintings, the work of the distinguished pre-Raphaelite artist Mr. Madox Brown, illustrating incidents connected with the history and growth of the city. The principal tower is 260 ft. high, and contains a peal of twenty-one bells, which ring out beautiful chimes and play at intervals well-known airs. The total cost of this magnificent building was upwards of

A Million Sterling!

but, unlike so many of our modern structures, the result justified the cost.

On the side of Albert-square opposite to Cross-street is the famous region formerly called St. Peter's-fields, the scene of the Peterloo massacre of 1819, when the Lancashire Yeomanry rode down, maimed, and even killed men and women who were helping to secure the political rights we enjoy to-day. The actual site of the massacre is covered by a great building commemorating a political victory, the

Free Trade Hall,

built to signalise the triumph of the Anti-Corn-Law League. It is of the Lombardo-Venetian style, and will hold some 5000 people. I have been in hundreds of halls in Europe and America, but I know of none better suited for meetings and concerts than Free Trade Hall. And what admirable concerts one gets here! Every week during the season Sir Charles Hallé's orchestra discourses classical music, to hear which you can get a good seat for a shilling, instead of the half-crown you pay for being stifled in a back seat at one of the Richter concerts at St. James's Hall in London. Close by Free Trade Hall are the commodious Theatre Royal and the elegant Prince's Theatre. A plain building next door houses the Young Men's Christian Association, which is a large and influential body in Manchester. At the back of the hall is the Central Station, the fine terminus of the Midland Railway. There are two or three other noted buildings

MANCHESTER MIRRORED: INTERIOR OF MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

From the famous Frith Series of Photographs, taken by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.

MANCHESTER MIRRORED: MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

From the famous Frith Series of Popular Photographs, taken by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.

in this central part of the city which may be referred to: the Royal Institution, built by Sir Charles Barry, intended for the encouragement of art, and devoted to a permanent gallery and periodical exhibitions of pictures; the Athenæum, also designed by Barry, and founded by Cobden and others "for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge"; the Memorial Hall, belonging to the Unitarians, and built to commemorate the memory of the ejected Nonconformist ministers of 1662; the Portico, a proprietary library, newspaper, and reading-room; the Carlton Club, the luxurious headquarters of the Conservative party in Manchester; and the æsthetic Brazenose Club, a very pleasant Bohemian resort, the haunt of artists, journalists, and the more cultured of the business men of Manchester, its walls decorated with sketches and etchings from the hands of several of its members.

Let us go down Peter-street, in which Free Trade Hall stands, to

Deansgate,

formerly old and tumbledown, now the finest street of modern Manchester. At vast expense, large and fine new blocks of buildings, with stone fronts, have been erected in Deansgate, and they are used as shops—the best in the city. If you turn to the right and keep straight on you will come to a large open space, and will see in front of you a statue with more character in it than is common in English street sculpture. The pedestal, of rugged, rough-hewn granite, fits well the statue, for it is Oliver Cromwell in bronze who stands upon it—the only street statue of the great Puritan soldier and statesman in England. It was the gift of a wealthy lady. Some persons who did not love Cromwell noted with horror that the statue turned its back on the cathedral, as though to scout the ecclesiastical institutions of the land. But there was no such design in the minds of those who set up Oliver where he stands.

Manchester Cathedral

is not to be compared with York or Westminster, or even with Hereford or Bristol. It was originally a parish church of the Perpendicular Gothic style, belonging mainly to the fifteenth century. It was first used as a cathedral when the see of Manchester was formed, in 1847: it is 290 ft. long, 112 ft. wide, and has a tower 139 ft. high. It contains the tomb of Bishop Stanley, father of Sir John Stanley who fought on Flodden Field. "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! Were the last words of Marmion."

Step out of the church into the open space, and note the new and fine Grosvenor Hotel and the new Exchange Station beyond. Going a little way farther on we pass the entrance to the Victoria (Lancashire and Yorkshire) station, and keeping on towards Salford we observe on the right the handsome Assize Courts, built in 1864 at a cost of £100,000. The architect was Waterhouse, the style is a mixture of Early English and Decorative. Inside the arrangements are excellent.

We will go no farther in that direction, but turn back, go up a street by the side of the cathedral in the oldest part of Manchester into Corporation-street, and we are soon back at the Exchange. Behind the Exchange is a rather dingy square containing a

Statue of Cobden,

which you may look at. An American friend of mine asked two or three persons in the city where this statue was: none of them could tell, and—*mirabile dictu*—one of them had never even heard of Cobden! Such is fame.

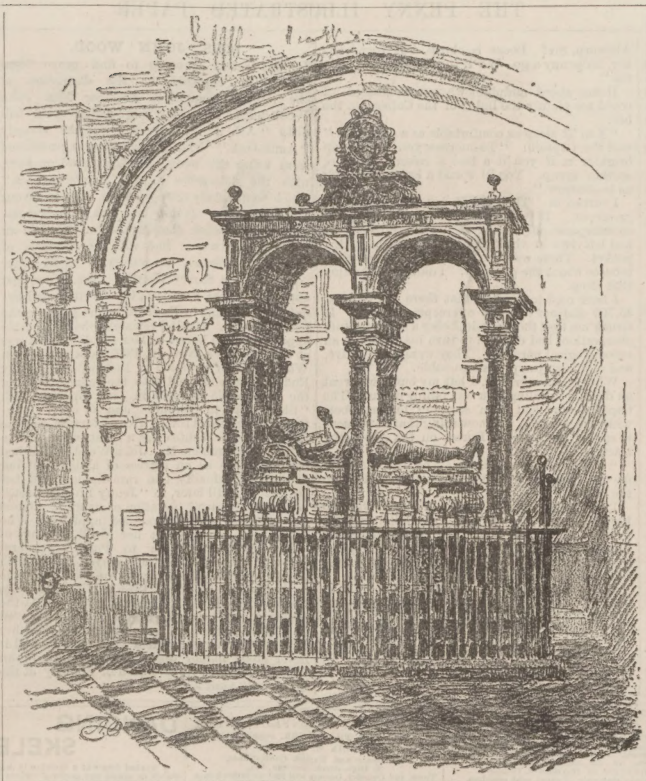
You will now make your way through Albert-square and past Free Trade Hall to another part of the city—the long and broad Oxford-street, along which large and comfortable omnibuses ply all day long. Into one of these you can dispose your distinguished person, and there sit till you arrive at

Owens College,

on the right side of the long thoroughfare. The college was founded in 1846, by John Owens, and was opened in 1851 in a house where Cobden had formerly lived; but in 1872 was transferred to its present Gothic home, designed by Mr. Waterhouse. The original endowment was nearly £100,000, to which a large sum was added by public subscription in 1867. The college grew fast, and aimed at being a university. Ultimately a scheme was evolved by which a northern University was established, with several affiliated colleges, and with its centre at Owens College. Accordingly, the Victoria University was chartered in 1880, with full power to confer degrees. Owens College has just lost the services of its distinguished Principal, Dr. Greenwood, who, after long and patient devotion to its interests, has resigned his position. In Sir Henry Roscoe the college has one of the first of English chemists, and it has given him the best chemical laboratory in England. Professors Ward, Adamson, Munro, Wilkins, and Williamson are among its well-known teachers. The first Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Prince Lee, bequeathed to the college the nucleus of its excellent library. While mentioning Owens, I may add that Manchester is full of educational institutions, among which I may mention Lancashire Independent College, belonging to the Congregationalists, and having a fine and commodious building; and the admirable Grammar School, perhaps the very best in England. If you go past Owens College you come to one of the fashionable quarters of Manchester—Victoria Park, Didsbury, Withington, &c., where the princely merchants of the city live. Of late years there has, however, been a tendency to go still farther out, and fine houses abound now in pleasant Bowdon and beautiful Alderley Edge, with its noble hills, green lanes, and lovely scenery. When you go back into the city down the long Oxford-street, do not forget to look at the fine Catholic church on your right.

C.

(To be continued.)



ST. HELEN'S CHURCH, CITY OF LONDON: MONUMENT OF SIR WILLIAM PICKERING.

LONDON RAMBLES.—No. XI.

ST. HELEN'S.—II.

In Mr. Abbey's new book, "The Quiet Life," there is a drawing of a girl, in eighteenth-century dress, sitting in an old pew, while to her right, against the wall, is a tomb with the loaves spread out on its top, just as on the tomb at St. Helen's about which I was speaking last week. It is a picturesque custom, and many were the devout who left money for the weekly distribution of bread at this almost forgotten church in the City, though I am afraid the old women who benefit by it know nothing of their benefactors, who lived chiefly in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

The chief beauty of the interior of St. Helen's is really in its tombs, of which there are so many that it has been called the

"City Westminster Abbey."

Here, as at St. Bartholomew's, the restorer has had free play—ever since, indeed, the days of Inigo Jones; though, if all restorations had been as beautiful in themselves as those of this old architect, we should have little reason to complain. The last restorations were in 1865: already new ones are being planned, if they have not by this time been begun. I remember last spring I was advised to go at once to St. Helen's if I cared to see it again before its latest restorer got to work. I went back a few days ago to find out what was being done, but unfortunately I arrived in the old court at three, and a notice in front of the church announced that its doors were closed at two. From without there were no signs of the restorer, but whoever wishes to make a last visit to the unrestored St. Helen's had better not put it off too long.

Its Tombs,

it is to be hoped, will not be touched. They are not only interesting because of the men who lie beneath, they are not only quaint because of their sculptures, but they are very beautiful in themselves; there are but few in Westminster Abbey that can surpass them. The Engraving shows one of the finest—the monument of

Sir William Pickering,

who did such good service to his country during the reign of four Monarchs and years of trouble and turmoil for the Kingdom. It is a fine piece of sixteenth-century work—a century which filled so many of our churches with beautiful tombs and brasses.

Fine, too, is the tomb where Sir John Crosby and Amys, his first wife, lie side by side with folded hands, in the Chapel of the Holy Ghost. And Sir John Spencer, once Lord Mayor, and

Sir Thomas Gresham,

whose name suggests the Royal Exchange and Gresham College, also lie buried here in tombs worthy of their renown; and above Sir Thomas Gresham's, fixed to the wall on a bracket, is the helmet which was borne before the bier at his funeral.

The monuments to lesser men in St. Helen's must not be passed over. There is a delightful one to the memory of Martin Bond, Captain of City Train Bands—a sculptured tablet set up against the wall, showing him sitting at the door of his tent, while two armed sentinels in slouched hats and big boots stand on duty on either side, and in the background a page holds his horse. I like, too, that other, on which

Thomas Robinson Kneels

with his nine sons in a line behind him, while facing him, and also on her knees, is his wife, attended by seven daughters. They were proud of their substantial families in the old days. How many brasses and monuments throughout the country show just such an array of kneeling sons and daughters? And I know of nothing quainter in effect, unless it be the tomb where a certain knight lies between his two wives.

A good many bits of old London are left around St. Helen's. One door of Crosby Hall opens upon the same enclosure; over the entrance from Bishopsgate is a rickety old frame house which looks as if it were tumbling to pieces; while on Bishopsgate are several gabled houses with overhanging storeys. And, most curious survival of other days, quainter even than St. Helen's, is the little church of St. Ethelberga. When you pass in front of it, its name above an unconspicuous doorway tells you there is a church within, but you can scarcely believe it, unless it happens to be a Sunday or feastday, and you enter the open door to be greeted with the sweet smell of incense and to catch a glimpse of altar and priest and congregation, for it is a Catholic church. But if from the other side of the street you look across, you can see the belfry of the church and just the top of its west window, in front of the greater part of which, however, projects a tiny two-storeyed house, with shops on the lower floor. Not many years ago a large number of churches and cathedrals were built up in this way, almost hidden beneath an overgrowth of houses and shops and even factories. But in our age of restoration this overgrowth has been almost entirely cleared away, and it is only now and then, as in St. Ethelberga's, it remains to remind us that man's ideas of reverence were not always like unto ours.

RAMBLER.

Vienna Honours a Popular Poet.—Our readers may be interested to know that, on Dec. 12, the Vienna Reichsrath suspended its sitting to enable its members to attend the funeral of the great poet and dramatist Ludwig Anzengruber. This great tribute was crowned by the Emperor, whose carriage happened to pass the funeral, stopping and saluting the coffin.

NERVE FORCE ACTUALLY RE-CREATED without drugs—by mild continuous currents of Electricity—imperceptibly generated by simply wearing one of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS. Sceptics should call and see them scientifically tested, and personally inspect the thousands of unsolicited testimonials received from the grateful multitude who have been permanently restored to health by this natural, simple, and pleasant means of cure. Pamphlet and consultation free of charge, on application to THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, at their Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). All communications are considered strictly private, and should be addressed to Mr. C. B. Harness, President.—[ADVT.]

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THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]

BUSBY'S BARGE.

BY ARTHUR T. PASK,

AUTHOR OF "IDYLLS OF THE THAMES," "FROM LOCK TO LOCK," "RIVERSIDE SKETCHES," ETC.

I MET the renowned Busby at the Three Eels, Bankside, Hammersmith. He was introduced to me as "Captain Busby."

He was in uniform—that is to say, he wore a blue jersey, that, by a long but intermittent course of washing, had turned to a lovely turquoise colour, and, having shrunk somewhat, reached to within about six inches below his armpits.

Captain Busby wore fustian trousers and a pair of half-wellingtons. It is needless to say that the great officer chewed. He was smoking a short pipe, as he leaned with his arms on the pewter bar of the Three Eels. He was drinking four half-and-half.

I had been invited to go down on the Betsy as far as Hole Haven, and, having a natural turn for fresh incident—that is to say, for generally making a fool of myself—I had accepted the hospitable offer.

In half an hour we went in a long procession down to the Bankside, the Captain leading, myself following, a little girl carrying a two-gallon jar, and a somewhat larger boy following with his thumb to the end of his nose, taking a sight at the whole proceedings.

The Betsy was a stumpy—that is, a barge without a topsail. She was built, I believe, originally for the genteel occupation of carrying oil-cake to the Kentish farmers. Like many other craft, people, and things, she had somewhat degenerated. She was now principally employed in carrying cinders to the brick-fields.

We got aboard the Betsy by the help of a plank, and, the two-gallon jar having been carefully stowed away, hoisted sail and drifted into midstream.

After this had been finished I was introduced to the mate as Mr. George.

Mr. George was a youth of about eighteen, deeply pitted with the smallpox. He was busily engaged, when the captain had taken the tiller, in polishing the Britannia-metal teapot by the aid of half an inch of tallow candle and an old sock.

He said: "We likes to do the gentleman on our boat, Sir. We ain't no forty-ton yawl, and we don't hoist the blue and union, but we knows what we're about. It's a wonderful life, this barge life," he continued, as he gave the handle of the teapot a scientific touch with his coat-sleeve. "You've no idea of the things I've seen in my time! The corpses we've fished up!—an old cradle chock full o' rats! We've had a curate, too, on board; he was High Church, and he got drunk before we got to Erith!"

Mr. George then informed me that we were well victualled up—hand of cold pork, two-penn'orth of best mixed, half a pound of Dutch, four penn'orth of "spotted dog"—a delicacy much favoured by the officers in the barge service—looking at a distance, from the scarcity of plums, like a few cockroaches walking over a lump of lard.

We soon sighted the green-copper spire of Battersea.

"Wonderful place that, isn't it, Sir?" he said. "I hofen join the ring in the park when I'm orf duty. It's a pity it's all temp'rance there, and they've such an awful lot of ants in the sponge-cakes. You don't join the ring yerself, do you, Sir?"

I didn't answer this question. Rings, unfortunately for me, are suggestive of unpleasant reminiscences. The last time I joined the ring at Hampstead Heath I had to stand up in a ring formed of jovial costermongers, while I engaged in deadly combat with a militiaman, decidedly the worse for a large supply of bitter-six, disturbed by the aid of half an hour's enjoyment of the roundabout!

We passed by Chelsea.

"Wonderful place that, Sir," observed Mr. George thoughtfully. "An old bloke used to live there. I think he was something in the philosifer line, his name was 'ile—something or the other—caster ile, carroway ile, or something o' that sort."

I suggested possibly Carlyle.

George remarked, "All right. Life's too short—isn't it, Sir?—to worry about a letter or two."

My attention was then drawn to the particular locality where the Cremorne used to stand.

"Wonderful gardens that, Sir, wasn't it, Sir? and the Cap'n says he was often all round about the hat there, Sir. It was a lively sight fine mornings arter a Derby Day to see the swells chucked out into the road sitting on the kerb-stone, with their gold watches a-hanging out of their pockets. The Cap'n he says as how he's seen as many as fifty sittin' in a row in the Fulham-road afore now, and quite a dozen a 'aving a set-to with their cabmen by the Radcliff Arms. Times is awful flat now, Sir, aren't they? A man gets a bit of a 'ed on him now-a-days. Sunday mornings he's nearly driven to Colney Hatch with the whacking o' them Salvation drums."

We passed the great palace at Westminster.

"Wonderful place that," said Mr. George. "Curious people, them Home Rulers. Poor ones—awful fond o' cold gin, Sir—Fleet-street. Many on 'em quite undermine their constitutions with eatin' so many sossiges in their early youth. It's a curious thing—isn't it, Sir?—how they poor reporters is so dreadful gone on sossiges!"

We neared the "Bridge of Sighs."

"Cap'n Busby 'as told me a lot about that," said Mr. George, looking at the arches. "He said as how on fine summer nights years ago yer could hear the suicides a floppin' in as if ballast was being dropped into the river out of a balloon. Very few suicides now-a-days, Sir. People 's grown wiser; besides, wot 's the good o' killin'

yerself? Yer don't know where yer a-goin' to, and most of us wants a little more training before we take up in the angel line o' business. Cap'n Busby once rescued a suicide with a boat-hook—tore her dress-improver dreadful. When she came to she gave him one for hisself. He had to stand her a shilling's-worth of hot brandy, too. The ingratitood of them women 's something dreadful."

We had tea now. It was a pleasant *al fresco* meal. The *Daily Telegraph* was spread on the deck; the kettle was boiling in the galley below. Each received his share of cold pork, and a quarter of a pound of superior Dorset was, after a lengthy search, discovered hidden behind the captain's sea-boots.

"We rough it a bit, Sir," said the captain; "but not much. We can do our dinners without 'aving toothpicks afterwards, yet we ain't in want o' 'airpins for our winkles, and the man for getting out a 'wink' with George doesn't live."

It was sunset as we passed by the Tower.

"Wonderful place that," said the captain. "They say its reg'lar chock full o' ghosts. That 's the Traitors' Gate! They 've blocked it up now. That 's where 'Enery the Eighth was executed, Sir. Wonderful man in the wife line, Sir. Believe they called him 'Enery the Eighth because he had eight of 'em, didn't he? Had 'em executed, Sir. Poor chumpless critturs. Then there was Queen 'Lizabeth, Sir. Wonderful woman, wasn't she, Sir? I seen her picture at Hampton Court. Got something round her neck — looked as if she'd shoved her 'ed sudden through a pie-dish. Yer know this is the place where she was gettin' out without her goloshes. The bloke thought she was goin' to get 'er feet wet, so he took off 'is coat and waistcoat, and chucked 'em over a puddle. The Queen was dry then. She axed wot the name of the bloke was, and they told 'er he was wonderful for inventing 'taturs; also 'bacca. He found out America, Sir, but they did a bit o' conjuring with him there, Sir. They offed with his head, and so much for Buckingham, and all the rest of it. 'Taturs are handy things, ain't they, Sir? These is the Antwerp boats, Sir. Ever been to Antwerp, Sir? Booze is cheap, but very heating, ha'penny a go. We 'll turn in off Woolwich, Sir."

It was about midnight when we anchored. I could see plainly the lights of the College on the hill.

"You 'll sleep as comfortable as a dormouse," said the Captain. "To-morrow you 'll wake up brighter 'n if you 'd a had a baker's dozen o' soothin' syrup. You 'll spend a happy day with us to-morrow."

I turned in. The Captain covered me with his greatcoat. It would have been an excellent counterpane, only, being of a forgetful turn, he had left two or three peelings of onions in the pocket. There was also a strong flavour of shag tobacco about the garment. I didn't quite enjoy that sleep.

I have read somewhere that there are at least 45,700 distinct varieties of creeping insects. It struck me that the Captain, being a man of astute observation, had decided to turn his craft into an entomological gardens. They were bold, active, and at a high jump unsurpassable.

When, next morning, I left my bunk and went on deck, a drizzling rain was falling down. The Captain, who had been scraping his sea-boots with a jack-knife, was now using that implement to spread the superior Dorset on the Abernethy biscuit.

"Had a good night, Sir?" he said, handing me the biscuit. "Just take a mouthful to keep the fog off."

I most certainly did not. I never went to Faversham on that barge. I am quite prepared to make an affidavit before any Commissioner for Administering Oaths that—well-to-do, poor, sober, drunken, or otherwise—I will never take a voyage on a cinder-barge again.

HEARD AT MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

"I SHOULD like something a little historical in character."

"How would 'The Last Days of Pompeii' suit you?"

"Hum! What did he die of?"

"An eruption, I believe."

MRS. JOHN WOOD.

It was rather amusing to find grave legal authorities engaged in the discussion of the important question whether Mrs. John Wood might introduce the popular music-hall ditty "Ask a P'leeceman" in the comedy "Aunt Jack." That gifted lady was prohibited from using this song, but has found another, with the delectable refrain "Rootity-Toot," which seems likely to enjoy even greater favour than the other. It may be worth while correcting the impression that Mrs. John Wood is an American actress. She was the daughter of Mrs. Henry Vining, an actress of repute, once popular at the Surrey Theatre. Mrs. Wood first appeared at the Southampton Theatre, and acquired some fame in England before going to the United States. Don't I remember her delectable appearance in a barrel! Her London début was at the Princess's, Nov. 12, 1866, as Miss Miggs in Watts Phillips's version of Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge." She entered into the management of the St. James's Theatre in 1869, opening with "She Stoops to Conquer" and an operetta entitled "Treasure Trove." Her performance of the fair savage Pocahontas was a great success. In a variety of characters Mrs. John Wood established her reputation as an actress of ability, but her distinct individuality and rare humour did not have scope until later, in "Jenny Lind at Last," in which her droll imitation of operatic singers was received with unbounded applause. Who could help laughing at her droll singing of "His Heart was true to Poll"? Several parts in old comedies were played by her with great success. After a trip to America, she came to the Queen's Theatre in 1873, playing in Charles Reade's drama "The Wandering Heir." At the opening of the Criterion in 1874 Mrs. Wood played in "The American Lady." Ever since then her fame as a humorous actress has increased, and it never stood higher than now, when Mrs. John Wood is acknowledged Queen of Comedy at the Court in "Aunt Jack."

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

The "Andria" of Terence was the play given this year in the dormitory of the Westminster School. Nothing can be simpler than the subject. The young hero Pamphilus, having an intrigue with Glycerium, remains faithful to her spite of parental irritation, and eventually it proves that her station equals his own, she having been shipwrecked in infancy and brought up in a distant province. But the unique feature of the "Andria" is that the heroine never appears. The entire play depends upon her, but she is absent. Some of the manners and customs of the Westminster scholars seem quaint enough in these modern days, but the young actors so evidently enjoyed their work that they communicated their enthusiasm to the crowded audience.

CROSSING THE BAR.

(From "Demeter, and other Poems," Lord Tennyson's latest volume of verse; published by Macmillan.)

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a time as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

A Tremendous Explosion of three magazines, containing ten tons of nitro-glycerine, occurred at North Clarendon, Pennsylvania, on Sunday. Twenty-five thousand barrels of oil were burned, and windows were shattered for a mile around.

Viscount Dangan, from whom Miss Phyllis Broughton recently obtained damages for breach of promise, was married on Tuesday morning last, at St. George's, Hanover-square, to Lady Violet Nevill, daughter of the Marquis of Abergavenny.

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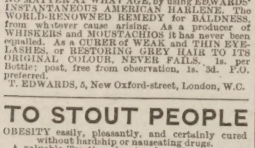

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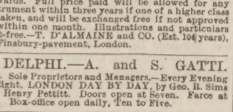

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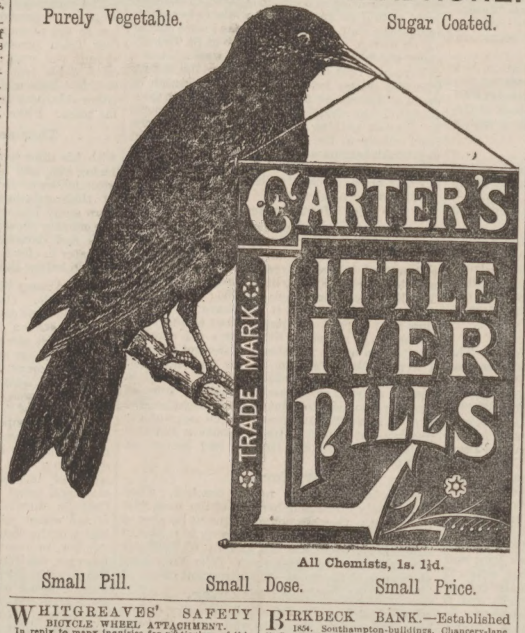

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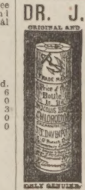

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